

**BATMAN**  
**No.45**

**FEB...MAR.**  
**TEN CENTS**



# BATMAN

**A**  
**BATMAN**  
**and ROBIN**  
**Christmas**  
**ADVENTURE**

**A 52 PAGE**  
**MAGAZINE**





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# COMIQUIZ

ARE YOU  
READY FOR THE  
QUESTION ?



YES.



WHAT ONE COMIC  
MAGAZINE HAS  
SUPERMAN AND  
BATMAN AND  
BOY COMMANDOS  
AND OTHER  
HEADLINERS ?



THAT'S EASY!  
WORLD'S  
FINEST  
COMICS!



EXCUSE ME  
WHILE I RUSH  
DOWN FOR MY  
COPY!



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# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

- THE BOY WONDER -

HALL of INFAMY

BOB  
KANE



*Who is the Greatest  
Villainess of All Time?*

IS IT LADY MACBETH? OR  
DELILAH? OR SOME MODERN CRIME  
QUEEN? TO VIE FOR THE EVIL TITLE,  
HISTORY'S FEMALE FELONS COME TO LIFE  
AND RE-ENACT THEIR CRIMES OF THE PAST!  
BUT THEY RECKON WITHOUT THAT PRINCESS  
OF PLUNDER, THE CATWOMAN, WHO MAKES  
HISTORY BY SHOWING BATMAN AND ROBIN  
THAT SHE CAN HOLD HER OWN WITH...

*"The Lady  
Rogues."*



THE TALK OF THE TOWN IS THE NEW BOOK ABOUT NOTORIOUS WOMEN CRIMINALS...

IS THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES DEADLIER THAN THE MALE?

Read the Sensational Book

*"The Lady Rogues"*

by

NEIL WESTON

MY DEAR, DID YOU READ WHAT HE WROTE ABOUT LUCREZIA BORGIA?

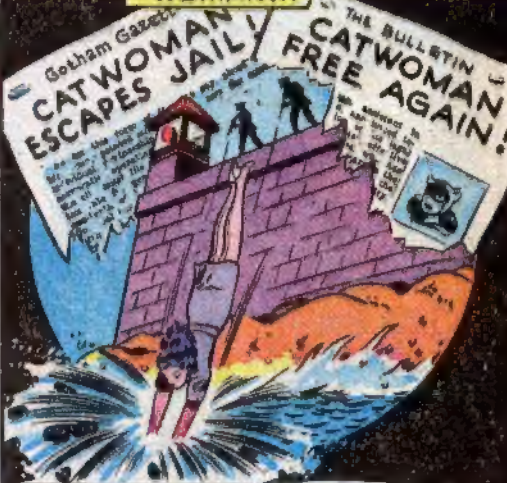
YES! AND HIS STARTLING ANALYSIS OF THE MEDUSA!

HOLLYWOOD PROMPTLY BUYS MOVIE RIGHTS...

IT'S COLOSSAL! A PERFECT STORY FOR OUR NEW STAR, GALA KAZON! IT'LL MAKE HER THE MOST SENSATIONAL VILLAINESS ON THE SCREEN!

GALA, WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU A PUBLICITY BUILDUP! YOU'LL PORTRAY CIRCE, LADY MACBETH AND OTHER INFAMOUS WOMEN, IN A SUMMER THEATER! IT'LL MAKE HEADLINES FOR YOUR NEXT PICTURE.

MEANWHILE, NEWSPAPERS CARRY HEADLINES ON ANOTHER INFAMOUS WOMAN...



IN HER LAIR; THE CATWOMAN CATCHES UP ON HER READING...

THE AUTHOR DOESN'T EVEN MENTION ME! I, WHO FOUGHT THE BATMAN! HE DIDN'T THINK ME EVIL ENOUGH TO BE ON HIS LIST OF LADY ROGUES!

I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL PROVE THAT THE CATWOMAN IS THE GREATEST WOMAN CRIMINAL OF ALL TIME! AND I'LL USE "THE LADY ROGUES" TO DO IT!







THE NEXT DAY...

FLASH! PARAGON PICTURES WILL PRESENT GALA KAZON AS CIRCE, AT GOTHAM ISLAND AMPHITHEATER TONIGHT!



ON A LITTLE ISLAND OFF GOTHAM, CIRCE'S ISLAND OF AEGEA IS RECREATED, AND THE PLAY OPENS...



AH! A SHIP! NOW I SHALL HAVE COMPANY!

I AM ODYSSEUS! MY MEN AND I HAVE TRAVELED FAR AND WE NEED FOOD AND DRINK!



WELCOME! ENTER MY HOUSE, AND FOOD AND DRINK I SHALL PROVIDE THEE!

FOOLS! ONCE THEY DRINK OF THE MAGIC POTION, THEY SHALL TURN INTO SWINE! HA! HA!



AT THAT MOMENT, HANDS OPEN CAGES AND WILD SWINE ARE TURNED LOOSE!



BOARS!

WE'LL BE GORED!

EEEEEE!

CATWOMAN! YOU RELEASED THOSE WILD SWINE!

THAT'S RIGHT, DEARIE! NOW I'LL TAKE THOSE PEARLS YOU'RE WEARING! PEARLS BEFORE THE SWINE! HA! HA!

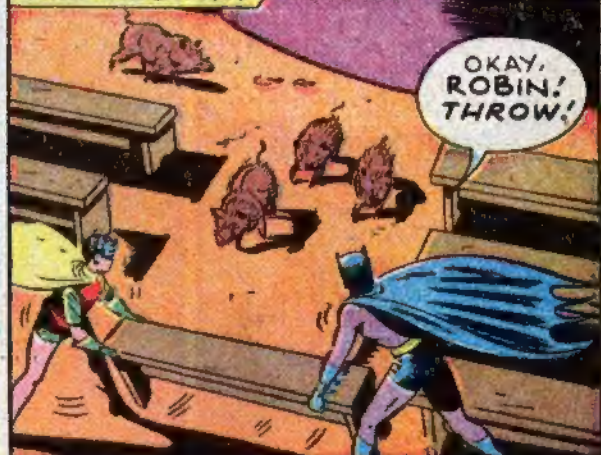




BUT IN THE PANICKY AUDIENCE ARE TWO CALM FIGURES...



A SWITCH OF GARB, AND BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON BECOME BATMAN AND ROBIN...



NOW'S OUR CHANCE, WHILE THE BOARS ARE CONFUSED!



AS THEY BUILD A CAGE OF BENCHES AROUND THE VICIOUS WILD SWINE...



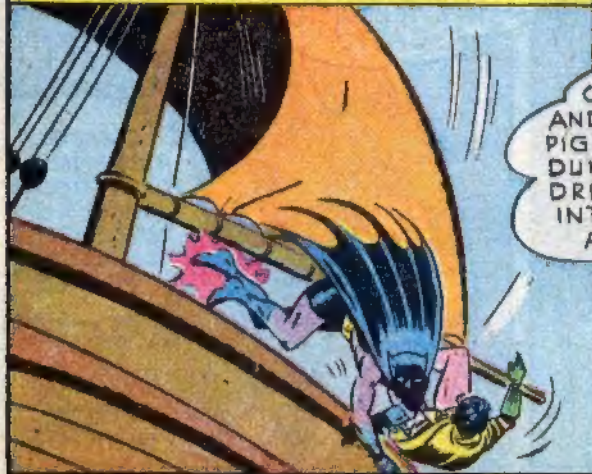
BUT BATMAN'S SILKEN LASSO STOPS THE LUNGING BOAR!







AND THE UNFURLED SAIL SLAPS BATMAN AND ROBIN RIGHT OFF THE SHIP!







LATER... YOU PROMISED I'D MAKE HEADLINES! BUT IT'S THE CATWOMAN WHO'S GETTING THEM!

Gotham Gazette  
**CATWOMAN DUPES ACTRESS; STEALS PEARLS**

DON'T WORRY! I'LL MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T DUPE US AGAIN!

AND IN THE CATWOMAN'S LAIR...

TOMORROW GALA KAZON PLAYS THE WICKED QUEEN IN "SNOW WHITE," ON A TELEVISION BROADCAST FROM A REAL CASTLE... THE HOME OF J.B. VANDERS.

SO-O-O-O-O!

MURRRR PURRR

NEXT DAY... POLICE ARRIVE TO GUARD THE TYCOON'S IMPORTED CASTLE DURING THE BROADCAST...

MEN, GUARD ALL DOORS! IF THE CATWOMAN SHOWS UP, GRAB HER!

SHORTLY... IN TELEVISION SETS ALL OVER THE U. S. A. ...

...AND NOW WE PRESENT MISS GALA KAZON AS THE WICKED QUEEN...

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE CASTLE...

JEEPERS! LEPRECHAUNS!

HELLO, OFFICER! WE'RE ACTORS FOR "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS"... THE TELEVISION CAST!

OH... GO RIGHT IN! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT I WAS SEEN' THE LITTLE PEOPLE!





INSIDE, ON THE BROADCAST-  
ING STAGE...



MIRROR,  
MIRROR ON THE  
WALL, WHO IS  
FAIREST OF US  
ALL?

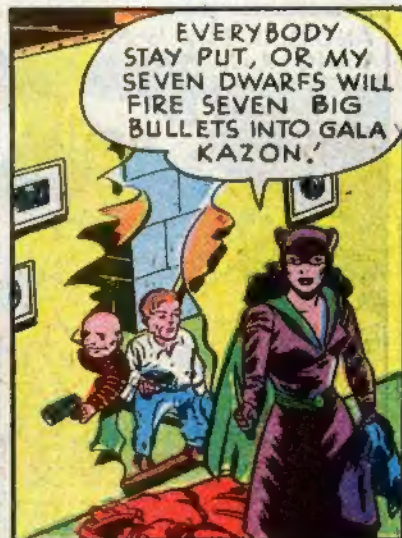
NOT YOU,  
DEARIE!



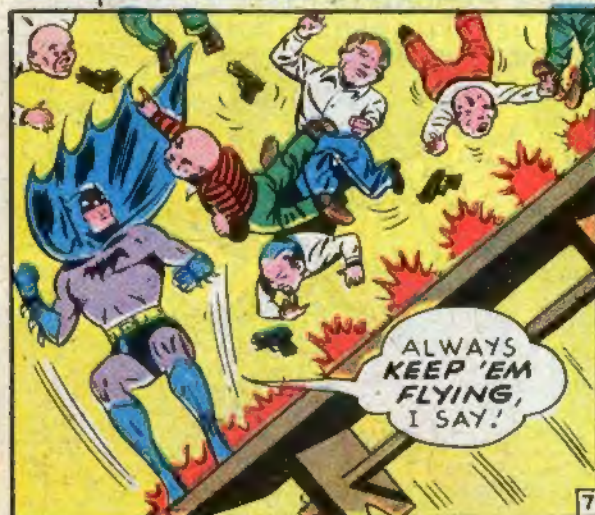
CATWOMAN!

CRASH!

EVERYBODY  
STAY PUT, OR MY  
SEVEN DWARFS WILL  
FIRE SEVEN BIG  
BULLETS INTO GALA  
KAZON!

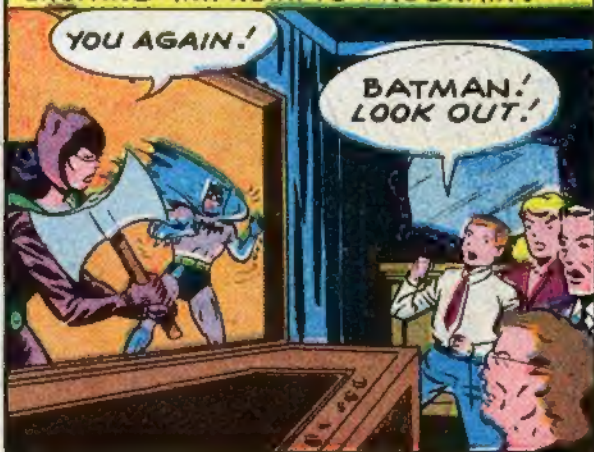


I'M GOING TO  
TAKE VANDER'S PRICELESS  
MINIATURE PAINTINGS  
WHILE MY SEVEN DWARFS  
COVER YOU!



ALWAYS  
KEEP 'EM  
FLYING,  
I SAY!

AND THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE SEES AN  
EXCITING IMPROMPTU PROGRAM!



YOU AGAIN!

BATMAN!  
LOOK OUT!



ANOTHER BOY IS ALSO ALERT TO BATMAN'S DANGER...



ROBIN, YOU GET THE DWARFS... I'LL GO AFTER THE CATWOMAN!

OUT OF MY WAY!



BUT ROBIN FINDS THE DWARFS HAVE GROWN!



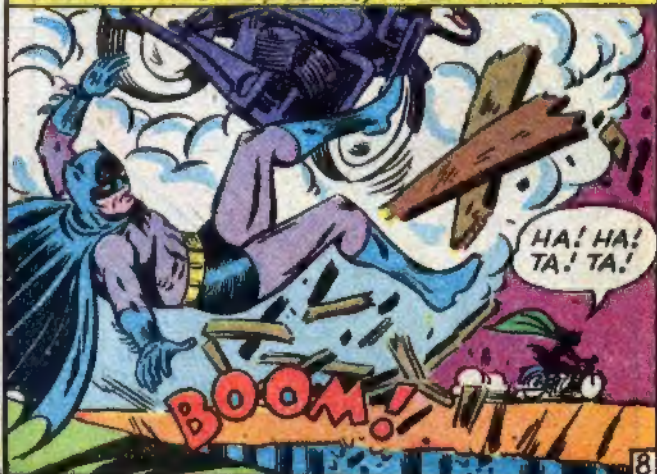
BUT, EVER RESOURCEFUL, THE BOY WONDER SEIZES AN OLD CANNONBALL AND...



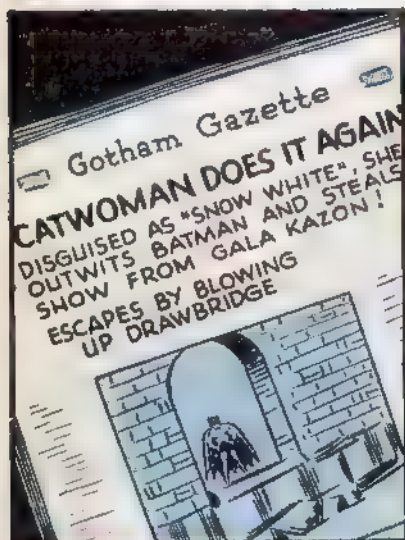
MEANTIME, ON POLICE MOTORCYCLES, BATMAN AND CATWOMAN LEAVE THE CASTLE...



BUT THE CATWOMAN FLIPS A GRENADE OVER HER SHOULDER, AND...



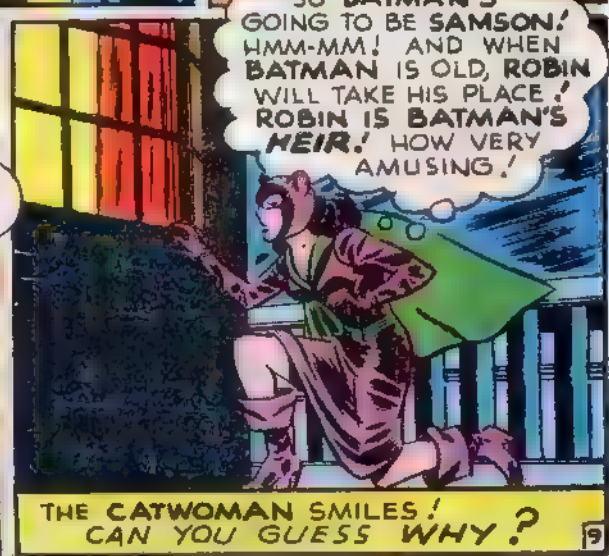




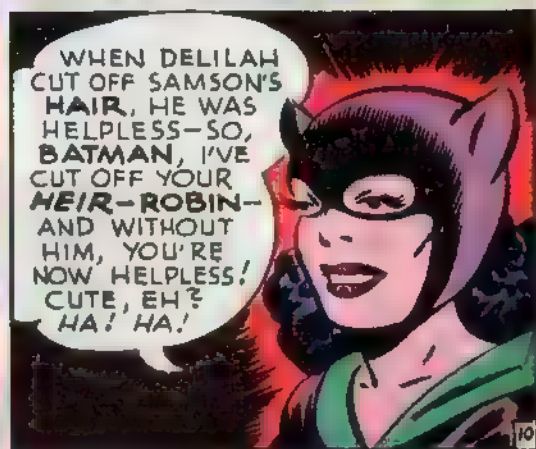
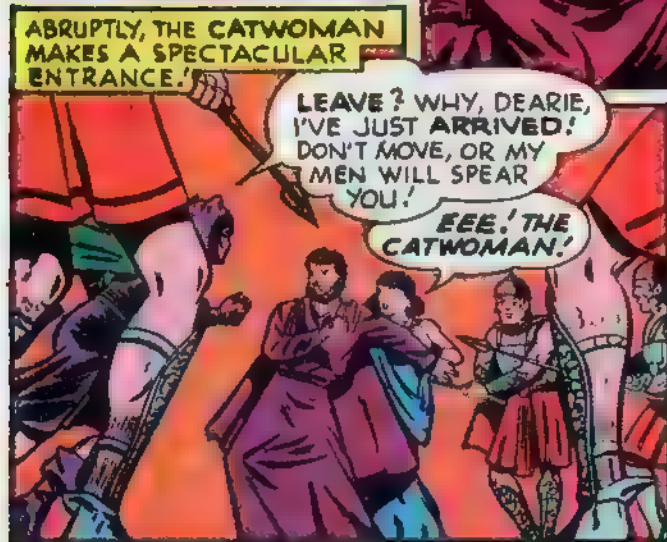
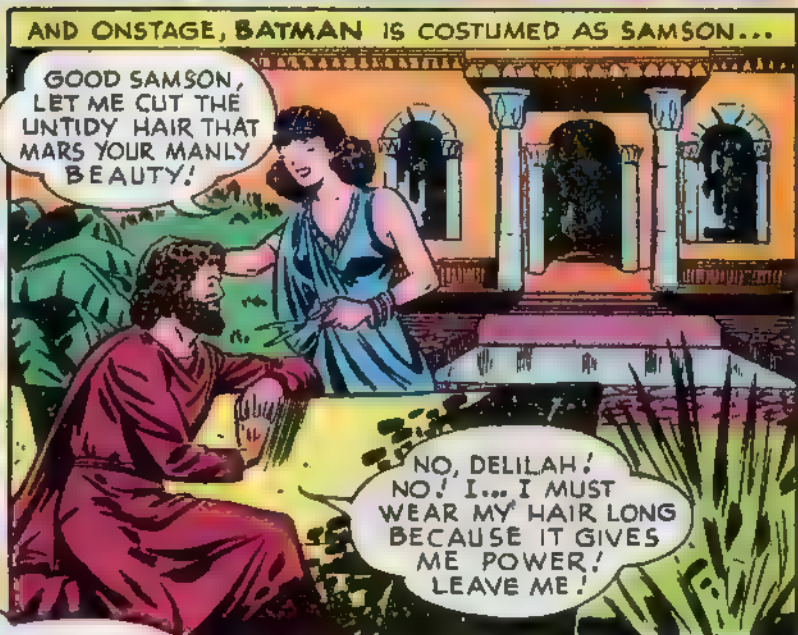
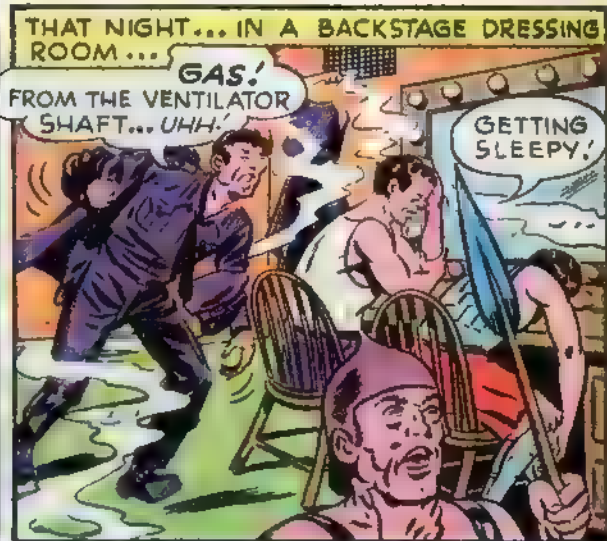
THAT NIGHT... OUTSIDE GALA KAZON'S HOME...



YES, IT'S THE LITHE CAT-WOMAN, WHOSE STEEL CLAWS ENABLE HER TO CLIMB LIKE THE FELINE CREATURE FOR WHICH SHE IS NAMED!

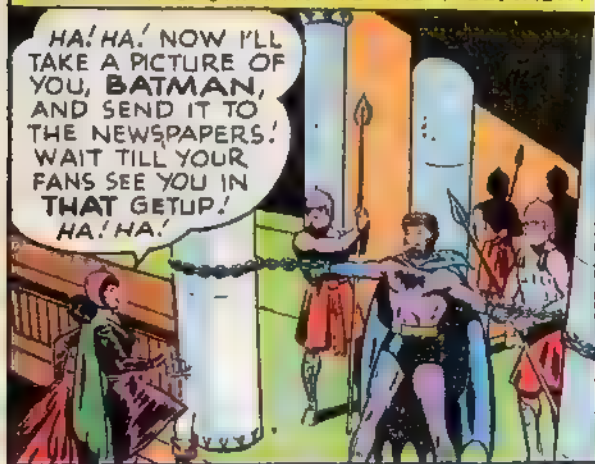








AND AS IN THE STORY OF SAMSON, **BATMAN** IS CHAINED TO THE PILLARS...



HA! HA! NOW I'LL TAKE A PICTURE OF YOU, **BATMAN**, AND SEND IT TO THE NEWSPAPERS! WAIT TILL YOUR FANS SEE YOU IN THAT GETUP! HA! HA!

...AND BRINGS THE PILLARS DOWN ON HIS ENEMIES!



BUT THE BANDITS ARE ONLY STUNNED, NOT CRUSHED...

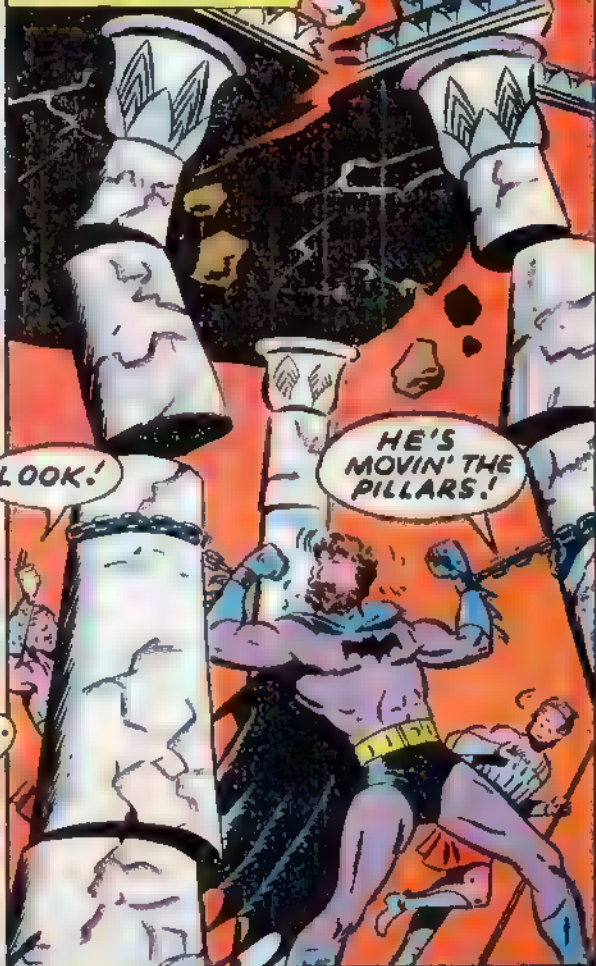


HEY, I AIN'T HOIT!

BECAUSE THE SET IS BUILT OF CANVAS AND LIGHT BALSA WOOD! FOOLS ... GET **BATMAN**!

ME, TOO! HOW COME?

BUT AGAIN LIKE SAMSON, **BATMAN** GATHERS HIS GREAT STRENGTH, STRAINS AT THE PILLARS ...



LOOK!

HE'S MOVIN' THE PILLARS!

BUT AS THE THUGS CHARGE, **BATMAN** ADJUSTS HIS COWL, FLIPS A MATCH AT HIS DISCARDED WIG ... AND...



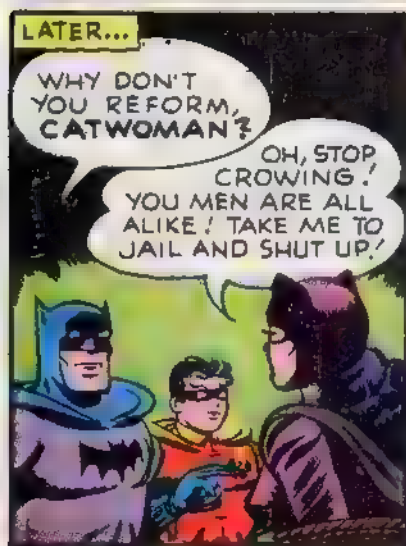
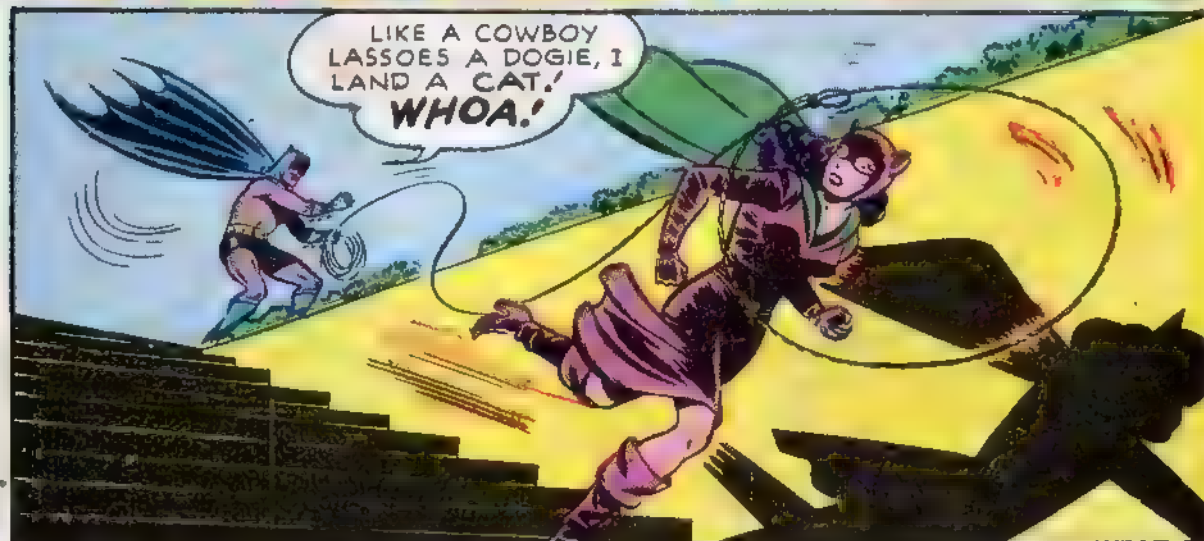
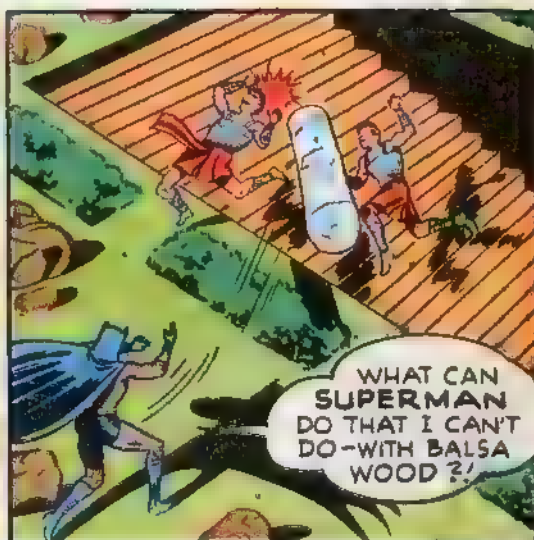
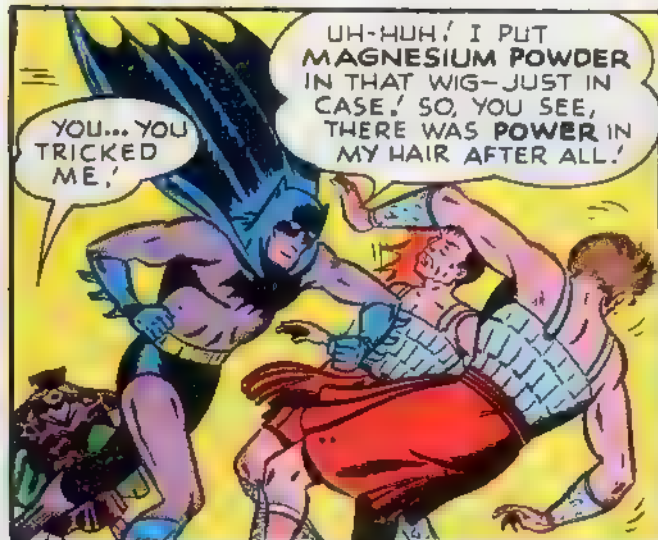
... THERE'S A **BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT!**



AGGH!

I CAN'T SEE!





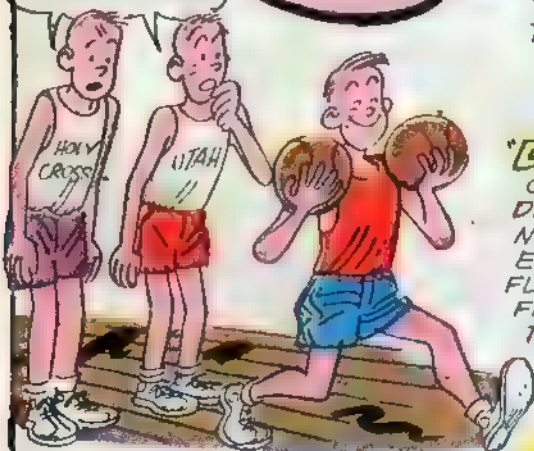


# Chick DAVIES

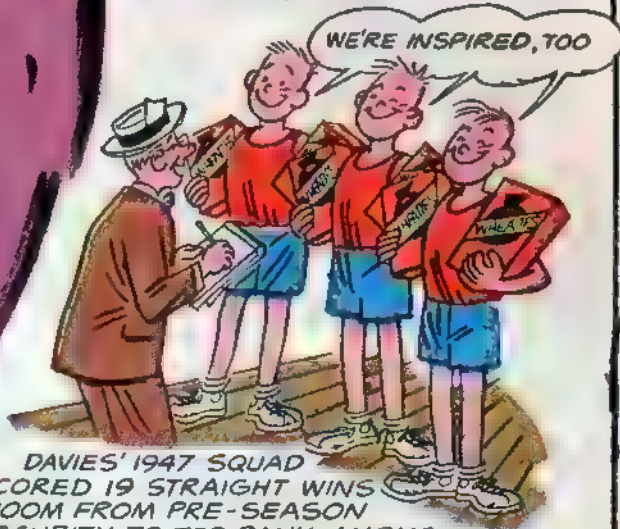
CHAMPION BASKETBALL COACH  
DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY



HE  
MUST'VE HAD  
HIS WHEATIES

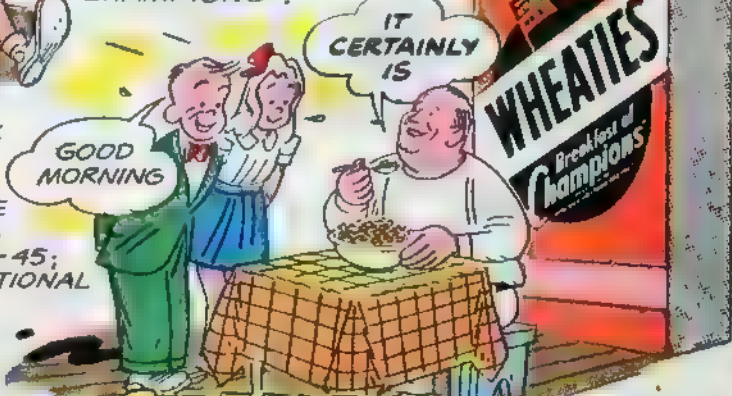


ON SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS, DAVIES' SHARPSHOOTERS TURNED BACK THE TEAMS WHICH WERE TO WIN 1947'S TWO NATIONAL BASKETBALL TITLES. JAN. 3 THE DUKES DEFEATED HOLY CROSS (COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS) 55-45; JAN. 4 THEY BEAT UTAH (INVITATIONAL CHAMPIONS) 59-50



DAVIES' 1947 SQUAD SCORED 19 STRAIGHT WINS TO ZOOM FROM PRE-SEASON 'OBSCURITY TO TOP-RANK AMONG THE NATION'S TEAMS. THE INSPIRED PITTSBURGH FIVE PILED UP 1235 POINTS IN 21 GAMES

"DROP AROUND MY HOUSE SOME MORNING," SAYS CHICK DAVIES, "AND YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND ME DIGGING INTO A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT." VITAMINS, MINERALS, FOOD ENERGY IN THESE 100% WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. FAMOUS SECOND HELPING FLAVOR. HAD YOUR WHEATIES TODAY? "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"!



WHEATIES

## BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS™

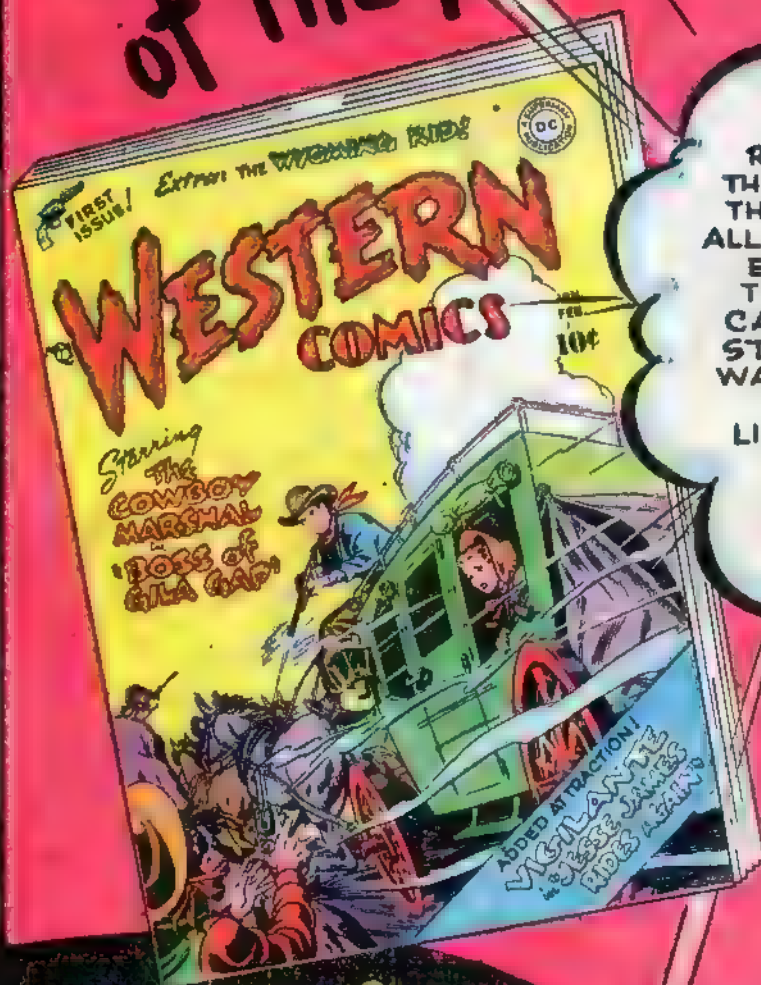
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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# THRILL

to the punch-packed action  
of the fighting WEST!



ROARING SIX-GUNS!  
THUNDERING HOOVES!  
THUDDING FISTS!  
ALL THE RED-BLOODED  
EXCITEMENT IN  
THE DANGEROUS  
CAREERS OF THE  
STRONG MEN WHO  
WAGER THEIR LIVES  
ON A  
LIGHTNING DRAW!

ANOTHER  
SURE-FIRE  
WINNER  
FROM  
AMERICA'S  
TOP COMICS  
PUBLISHER!

On Sale  
AT ALL  
NEWSSTANDS!





# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -

BOB  
KANE

IT WAS THE STRANGEST CHRISTMAS EVE BRUCE WAYNE EVER HAD! HE WAS KISSED BY A STRANGE GIRL... ARRESTED FOR ROBBERY... PUT IN THE POLICE LINE-UP... HUNTED BY KILLERS... AND FINALLY SENT TO PRISON! WHY? ALL BECAUSE HE WANTED TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS TO HIS DOUBLE! YOU'LL READ ALL ABOUT IT IN...

**"A PAROLE for CHRISTMAS!"**





THERE'S AN OLD SAYING THAT EVERY MAN ON EARTH HAS HIS DOUBLE... AND BRUCE WAYNE, ALIAS **THE BATMAN**, HAS HIS! THIS IS THE DRAMATIC STORY OF HOW THEY MET...



...IT BEGINS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, WHEN MOST PEOPLE ARE SHOPPING FOR LAST-MINUTE GIFTS..



...AND IN THE GRIM STATE PRISON, CONVICT ED ROGERS GETS HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE ONE OF THE MODEL PRISONERS ALLOWED TO GO HOME FOR CHRISTMAS, ROGERS! YOU'VE EARNED IT.

THANKS, GUARD.

YOUR PERSONAL BELONGINGS AND 24-HOUR PASS! REMEMBER, YOUR SENTENCE IS UP IN SIX MONTHS—SO DON'T BREAK YOUR HONOR PAROLE!

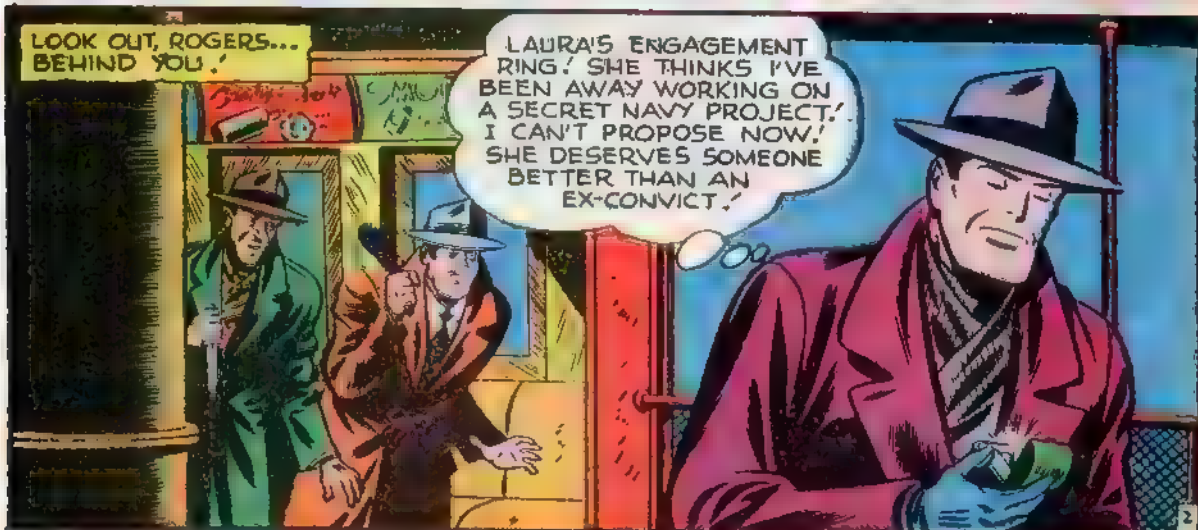
I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW NIGHT, WARDEN.

LATER, ON A FERRY...

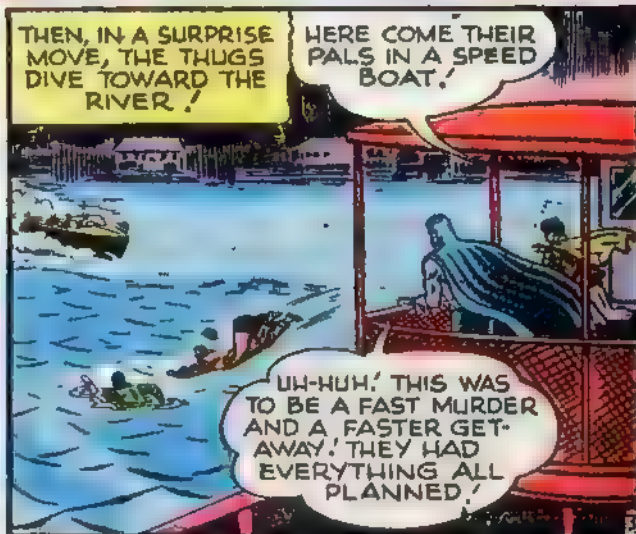
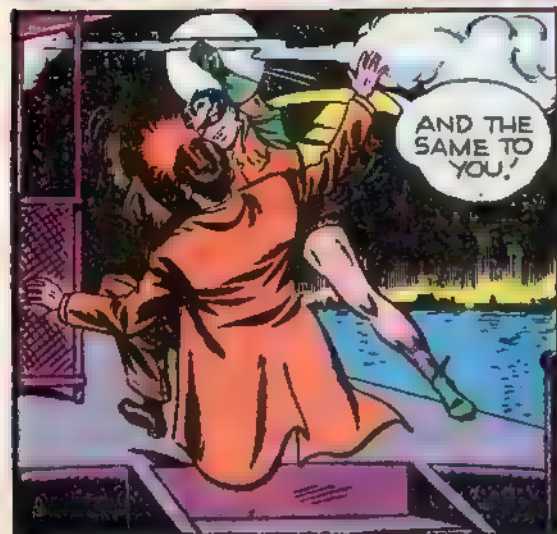
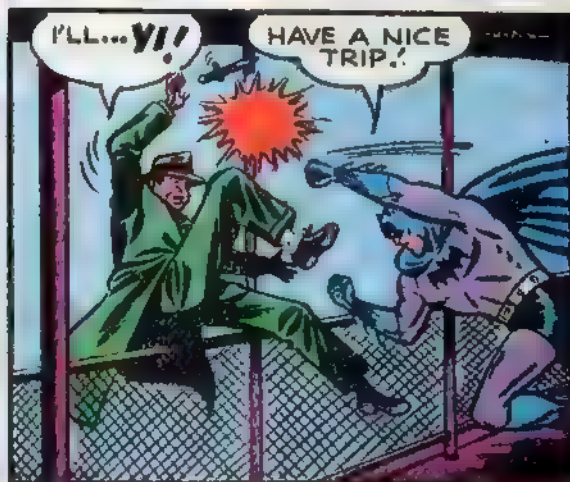
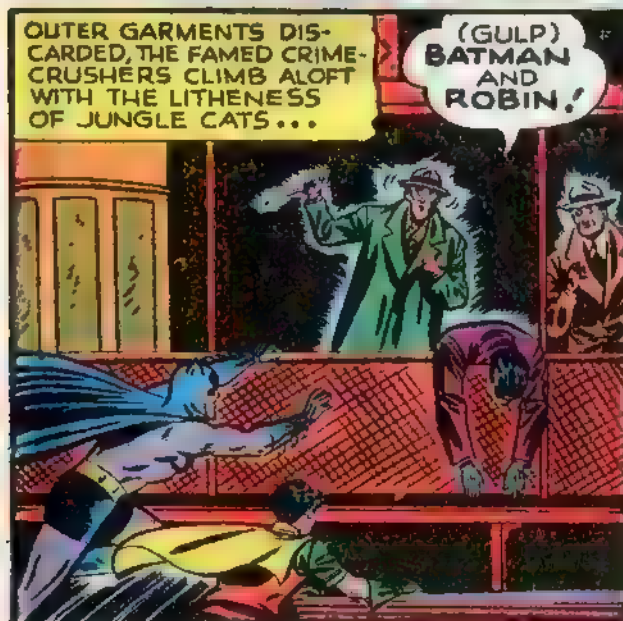
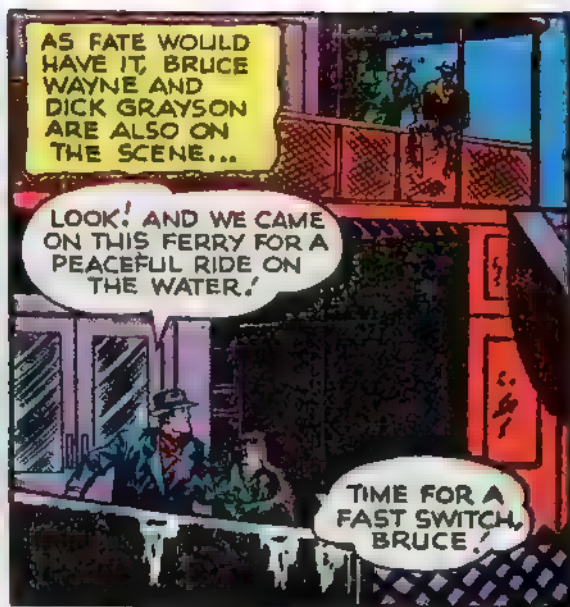
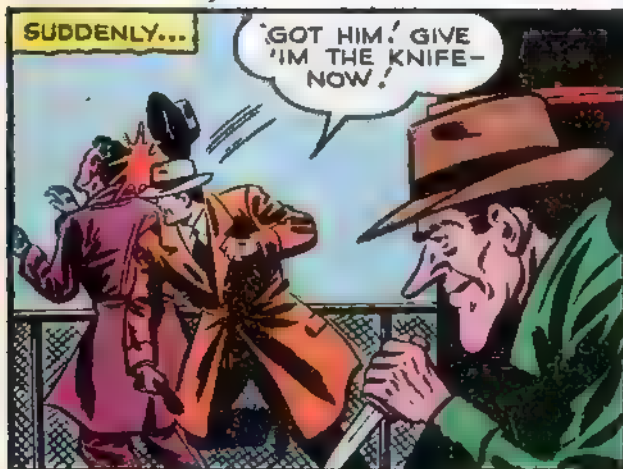
IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE MY KID BROTHER, TIMMY, AGAIN! LAURA'S A PEACH TO HAVE TAKEN CARE OF HIM SINCE THE FOLKS DIED!

LOOK OUT, ROGERS... BEHIND YOU!

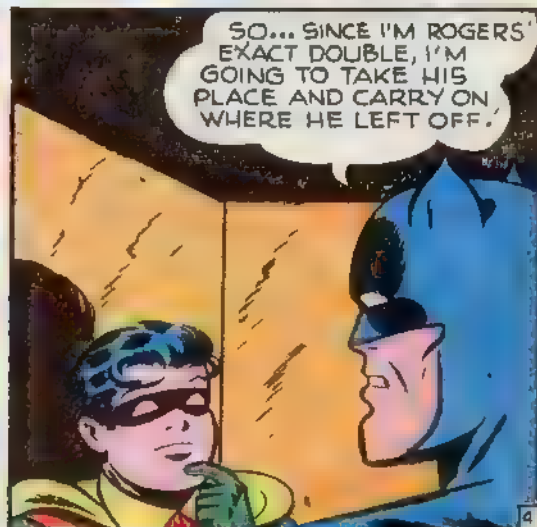
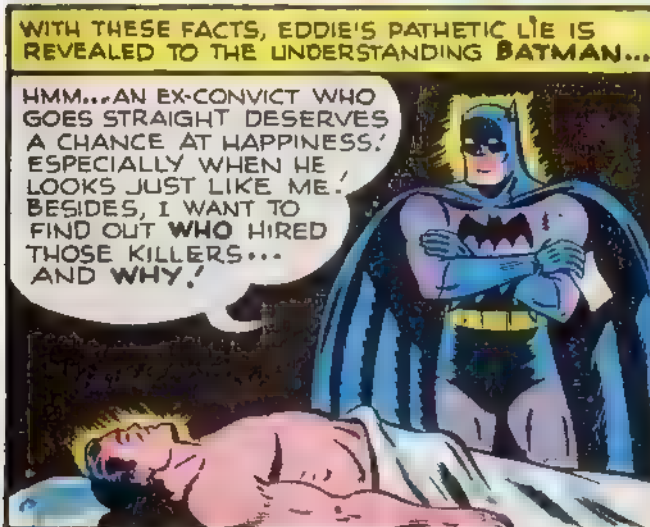
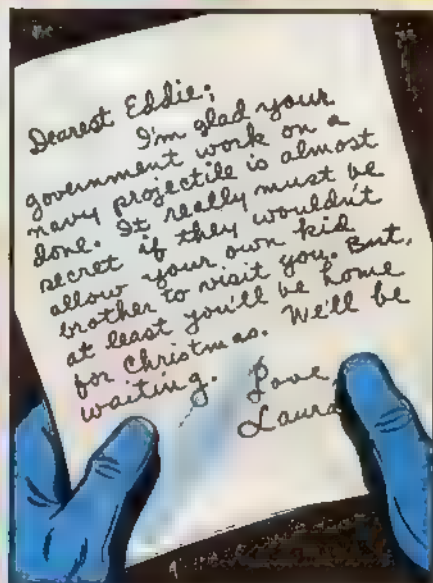
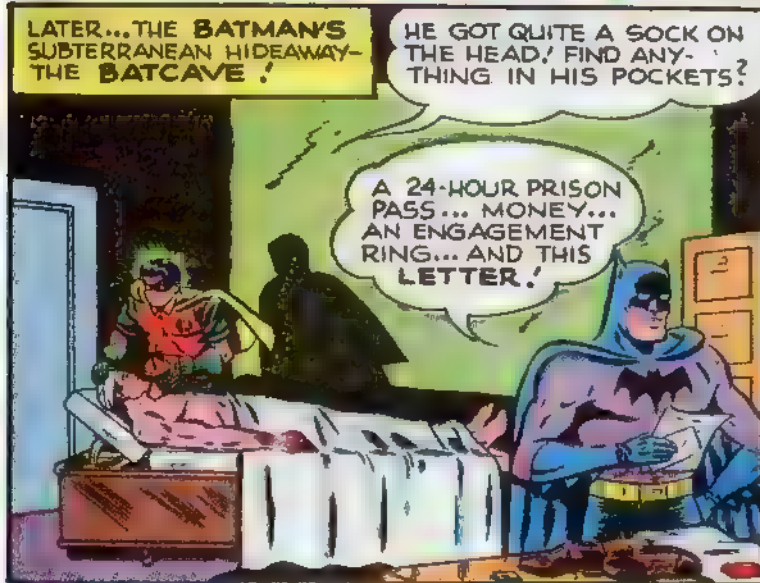
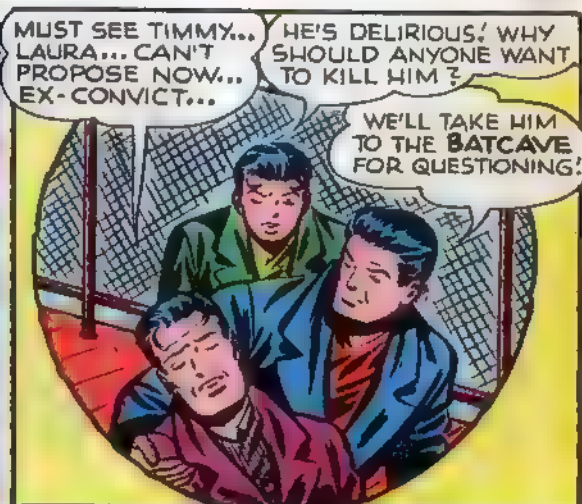
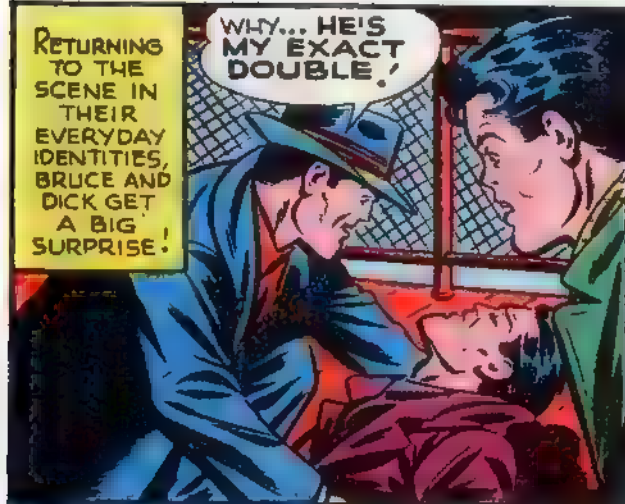
LAURA'S ENGAGEMENT RING! SHE THINKS I'VE BEEN AWAY WORKING ON A SECRET NAVY PROJECT! I CAN'T PROPOSE NOW! SHE DESERVES SOMEONE BETTER THAN AN EX-CONVICT.











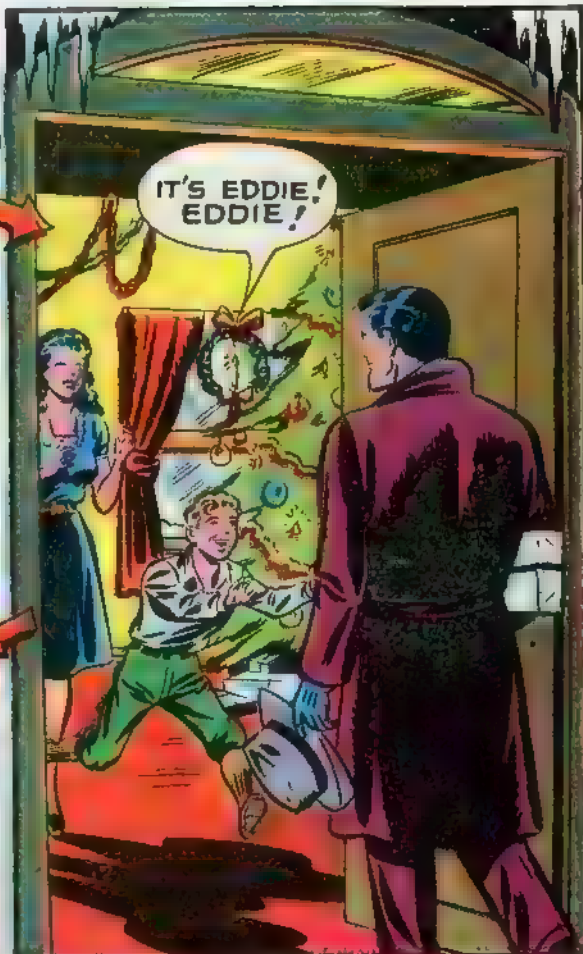


SOMETIME LATER...  
BRUCE WAYNE STANDS  
ON THE THRESHOLD  
OF AN EXCITING  
MASQUERADE .

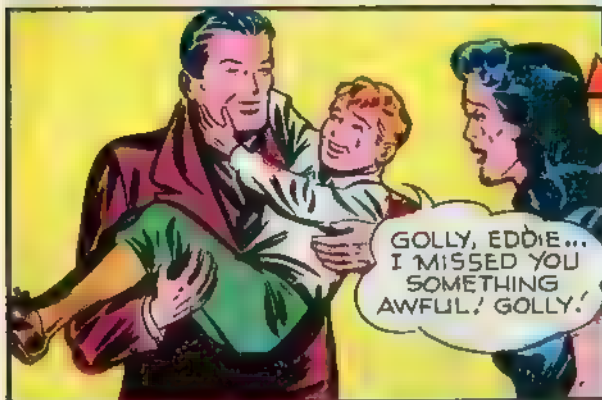
THE MOMENT  
I RING THIS BELL,  
I MUST FORGET  
I'M BRUCE WAYNE  
AND LIVE THE ROLE  
OF ED ROGERS...  
HERE GOES!



IT'S EDDIE!  
EDDIE!



GOLLY, EDDIE...  
I MISSED YOU  
SOMETHING  
AWFUL! GOLLY!



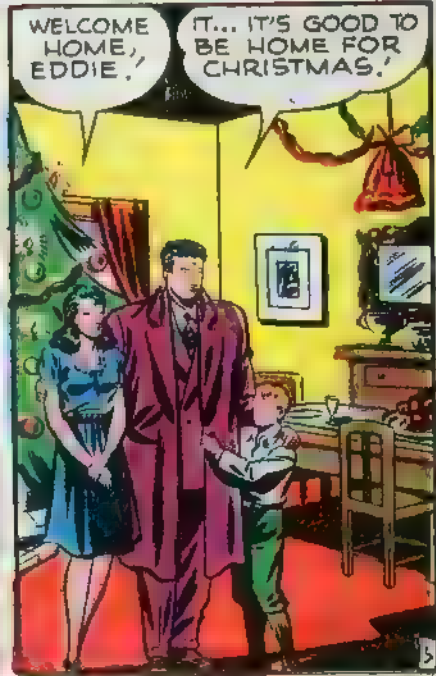
AREN'T YOU GOING  
TO KISS ME? I'M  
STANDING UNDER  
THE MISTLETOE .

(GULP)  
S-SURE!

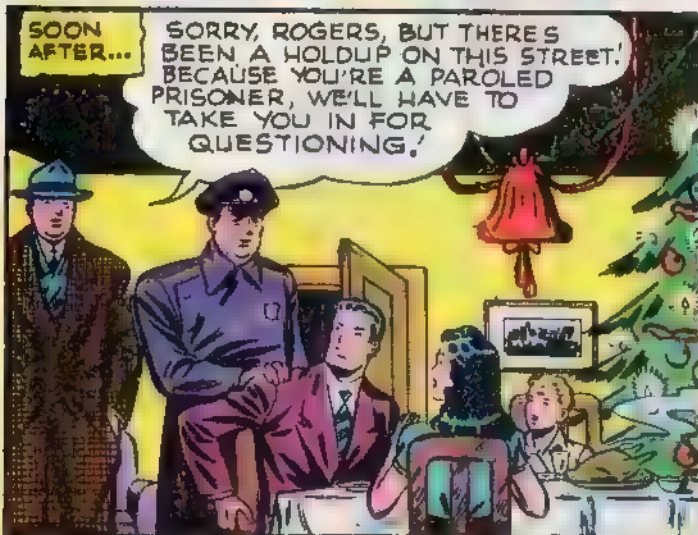
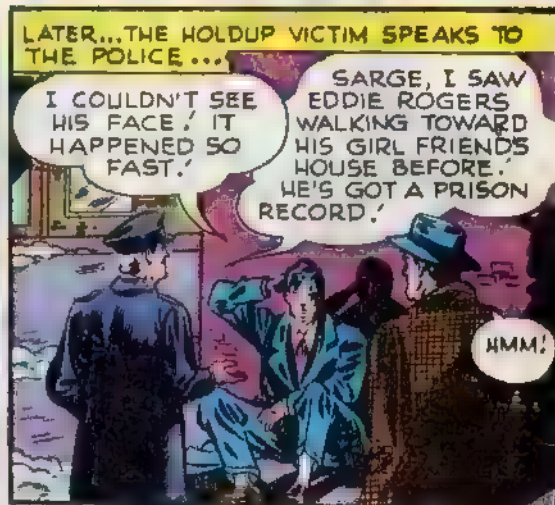
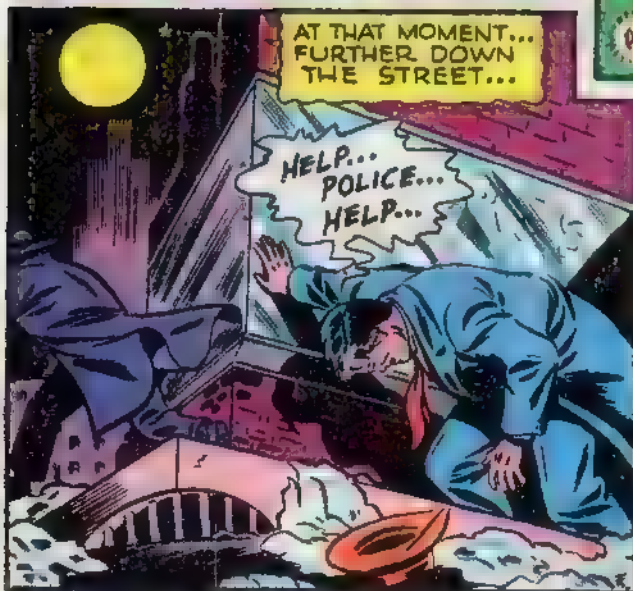
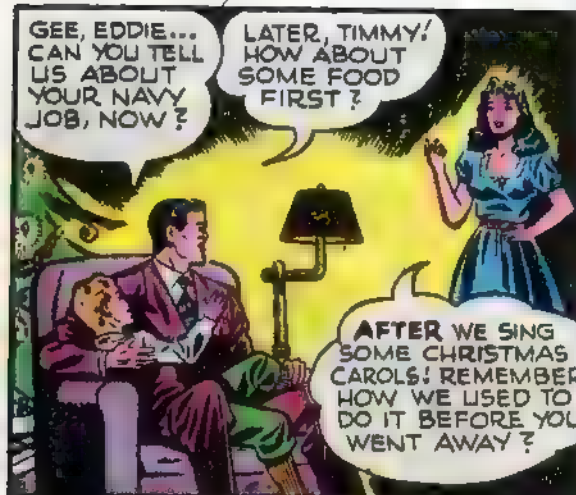


WELCOME  
HOME,  
EDDIE!

IT... IT'S GOOD TO  
BE HOME FOR  
CHRISTMAS!









STILL PLAYING THE PART OF "EDDIE",  
BRUCE MAKES A FULL "CONFESSION."

SO THAT'S  
WHY YOU NEVER  
WROTE! WE'D  
HAVE SEEN THE  
PRISON STAMP  
ON THE ENVELOPE!

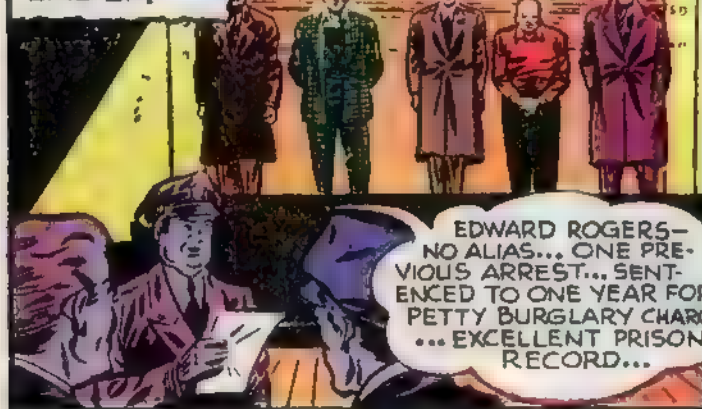
YES...I... I PRETENDED  
THE NAVY PROJECT  
WAS SO SECRET I  
WASN'T ALLOWED  
TO WRITE! A FRIEND  
FORWARDED YOUR  
LETTERS TO ME!



I DIDN'T WANT TO HURT  
YOU, SO I LIED! I'M SORRY  
I RUINED YOUR CHRISTMAS!  
I...I... LET'S GO, OFFICER!

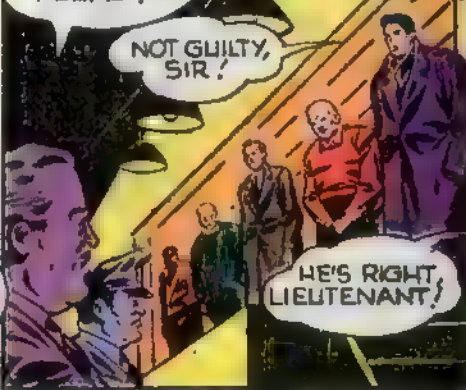


LATER...FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN  
HIS LIFE, BRUCE  
WAYNE STANDS  
IN THE POLICE  
LINE-UP!



EDWARD ROGERS—  
NO ALIAS... ONE  
PREVIOUS ARREST... SENT-  
ENCED TO ONE YEAR FOR  
PETTY BURGLARY CHARGE  
...EXCELLENT PRISON  
RECORD...

ROGERS, YOU'RE  
UNDER SUSPICION  
OF COMMITTING  
AN ASSAULT AND  
ROBBERY TONIGHT!  
HOW DO YOU  
PLEAD?



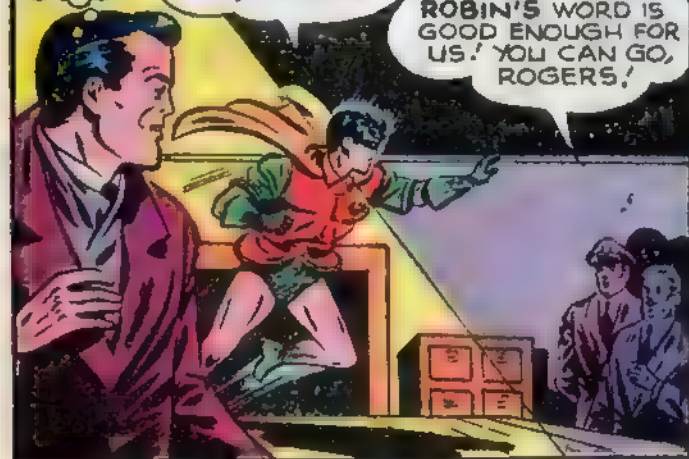
NOT GUILTY,  
SIR!

HE'S RIGHT,  
LIEUTENANT!

ROBIN!

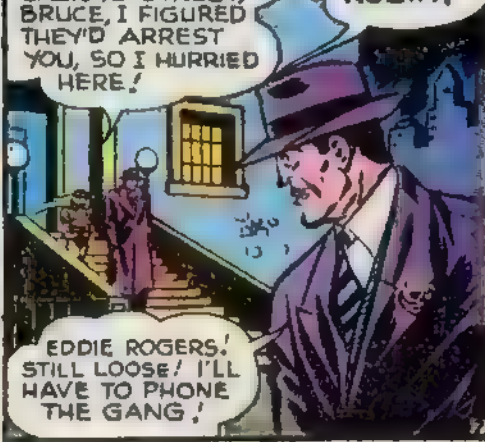
I CAN VOUCH FOR  
HIM, OFFICER!

THIS IS VERY  
UNUSUAL... BUT  
ROBIN'S WORD IS  
GOOD ENOUGH FOR  
US! YOU CAN GO,  
ROGERS!



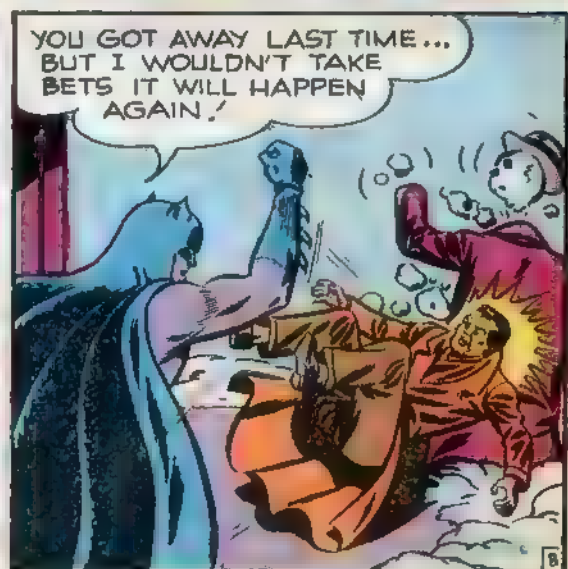
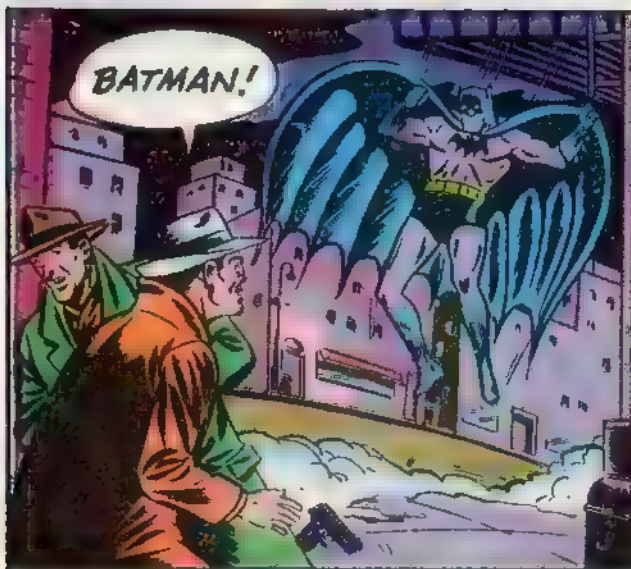
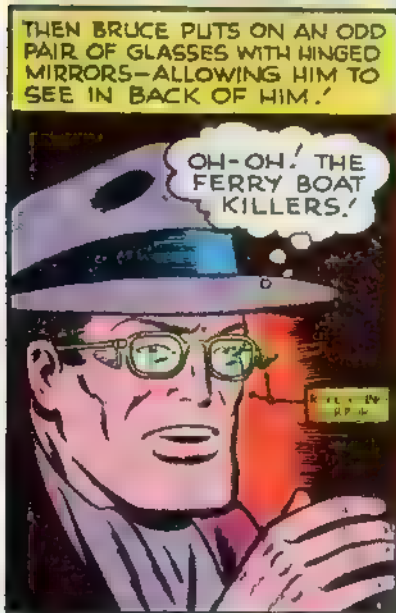
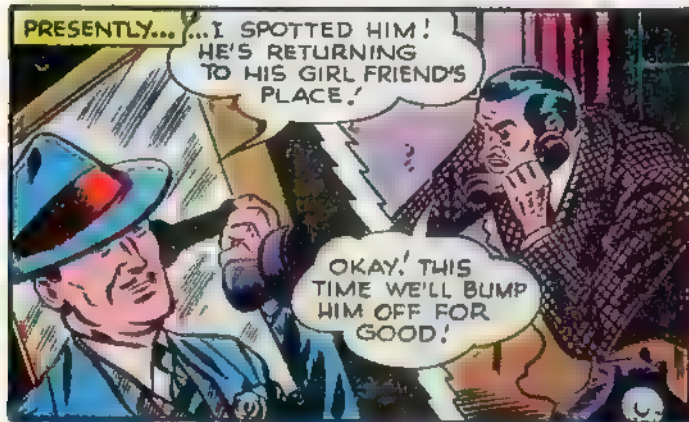
WHEN I HEARD ABOUT  
THE ROBBERY ON  
LAURA'S STREET,  
BRUCE, I FIGURED  
THEY'D ARREST  
YOU, SO I HURRIED  
HERE!

THAT WAS  
FAST THINKING  
ROBIN!

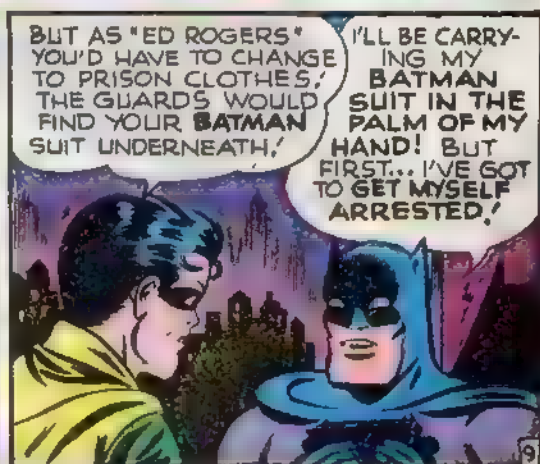
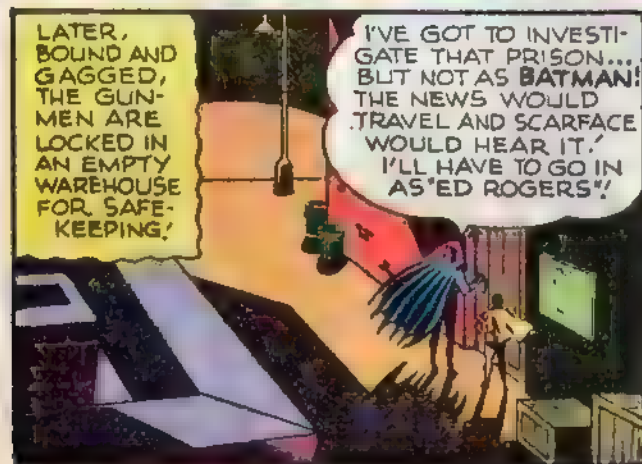
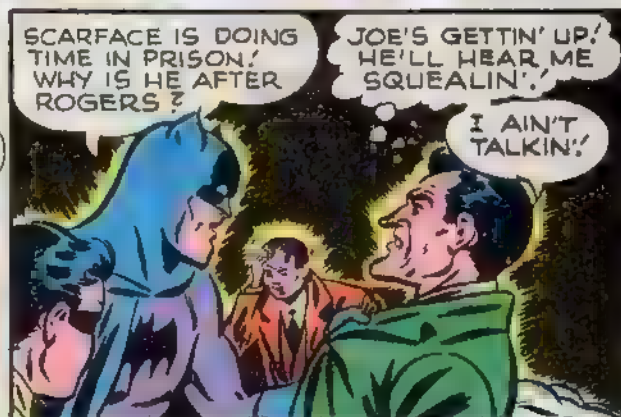
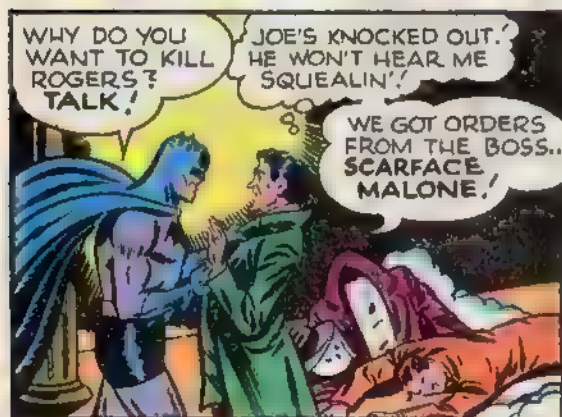
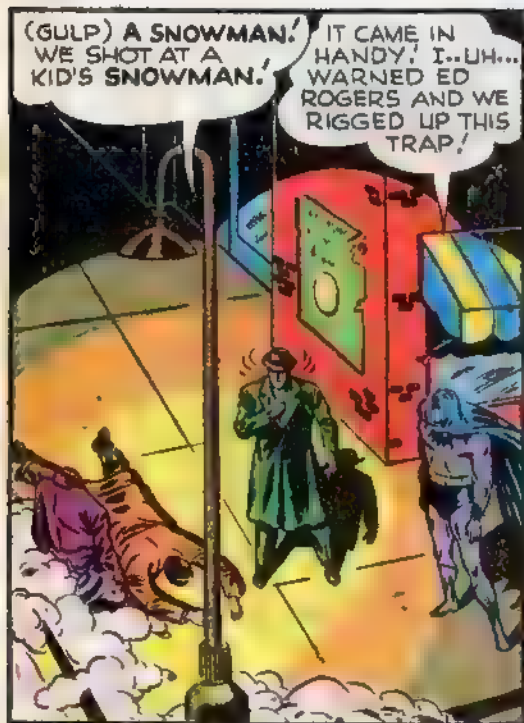


EDDIE ROGERS!  
STILL LOOSE! I'LL  
HAVE TO PHONE  
THE GANG!













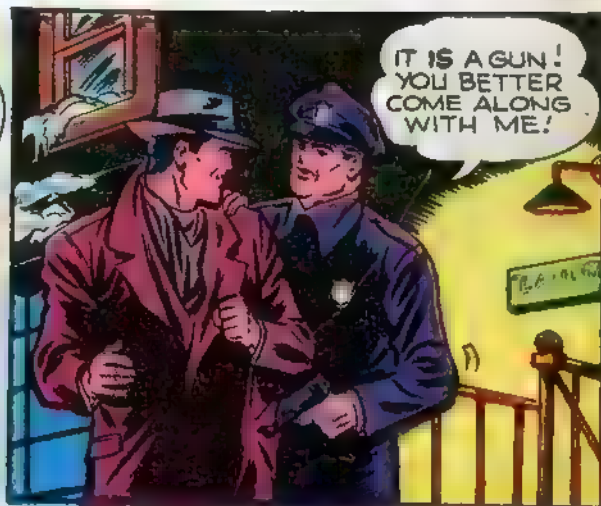
LATER, "ED ROGERS" PURPOSELY BUMPS INTO A PATROLMAN ON HIS BEAT!

UH.. SORRY!

OW! WHAT'RE YOU CARRYING IN THAT POCKET—A GUN? SAY...HOLD ON, BUDDY!

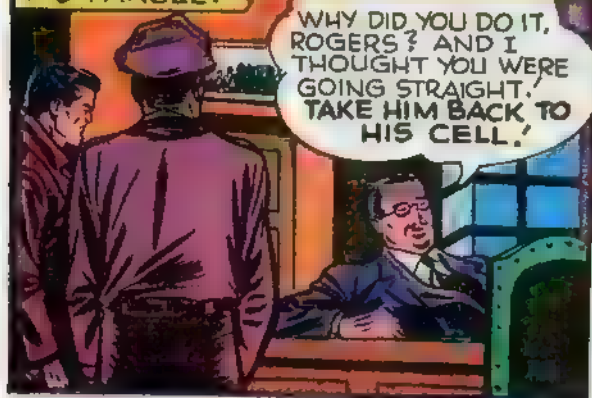


IT IS A GUN! YOU BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME!



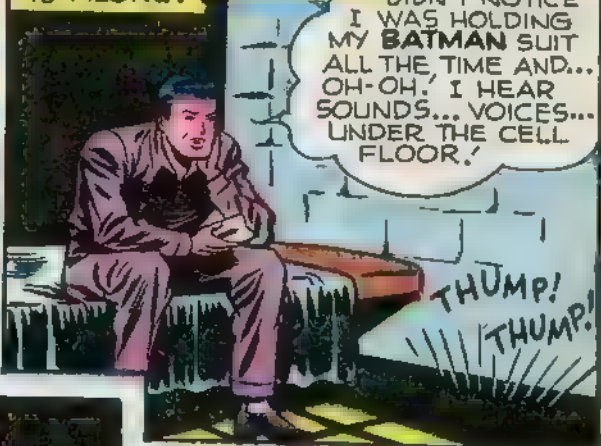
AND THAT IS HOW "ED ROGERS" BREAKS HIS PAROLE!

WHY DID YOU DO IT, ROGERS? AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING STRAIGHT. TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS CELL!



A CELL DOOR CLANGS SHUT—AND THE PRISONER IS ALONE!

SO FAR SO GOOD! THEY DIDN'T NOTICE I WAS HOLDING MY BATMAN SUIT ALL THE TIME AND... OH-OH! I HEAR SOUNDS... VOICES... UNDER THE CELL FLOOR!

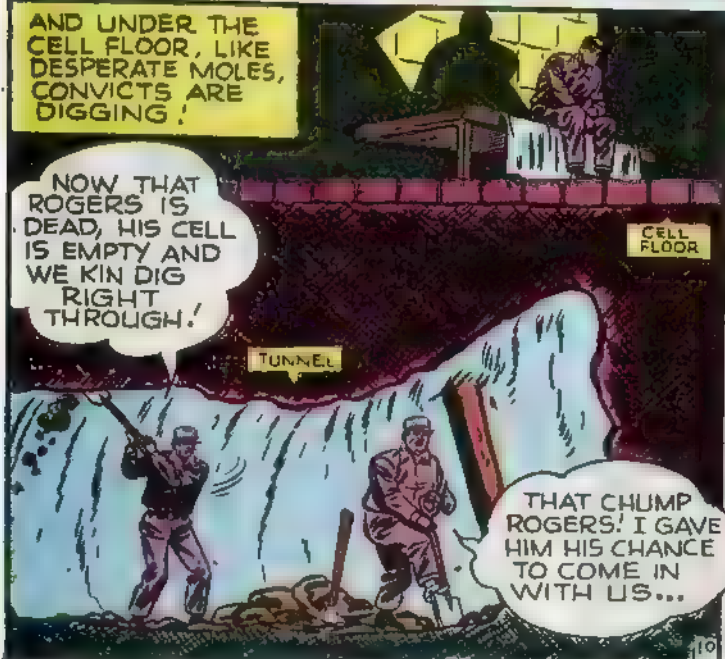


AND UNDER THE CELL FLOOR, LIKE DESPERATE MOLES, CONVICTS ARE DIGGING!

NOW THAT ROGERS IS DEAD, HIS CELL IS EMPTY AND WE KIN DIG RIGHT THROUGH!

TUNNEL

CELL FLOOR



"I REMEMBER SAYIN' TO HIM..."

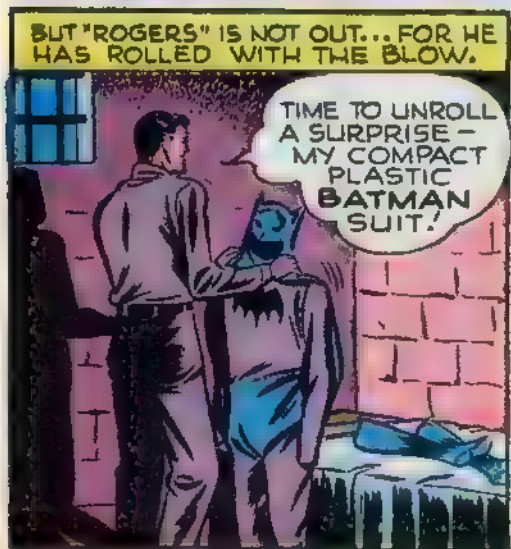
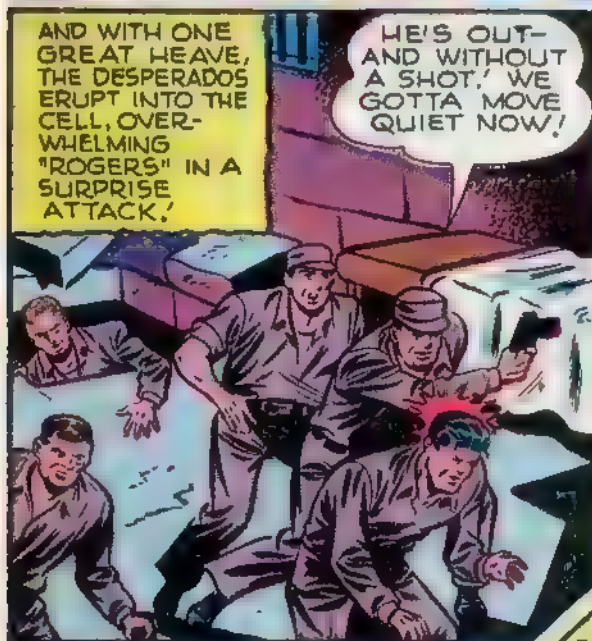
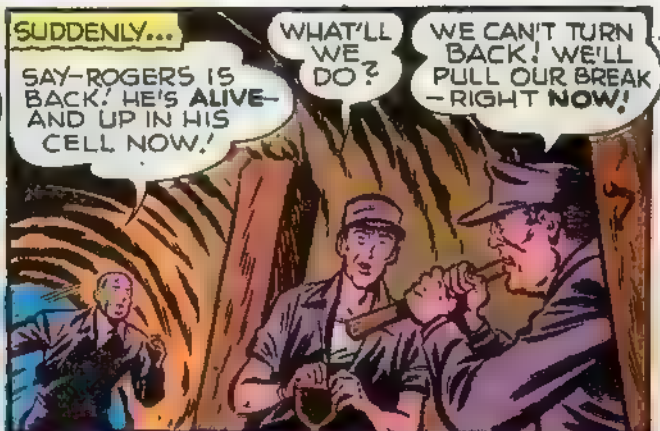
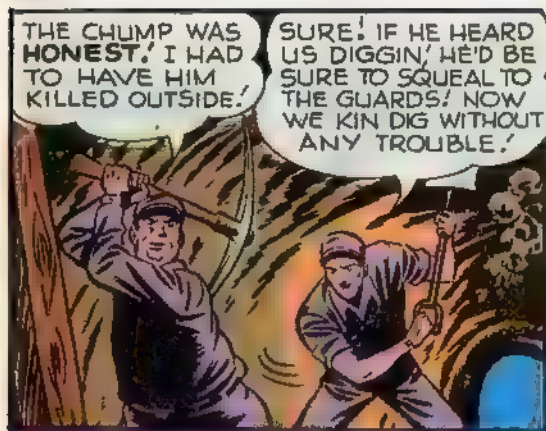
LISSSEN, I'M NOT SAYIN' THERE IS GONNA BE A JAIL BREAK, BUT IF THERE IS, WILL YOU JOIN UP WITH US?

NO! I'M GOING STRAIGHT! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!

THAT CHUMP ROGERS! I GAVE HIM HIS CHANCE TO COME IN WITH US...



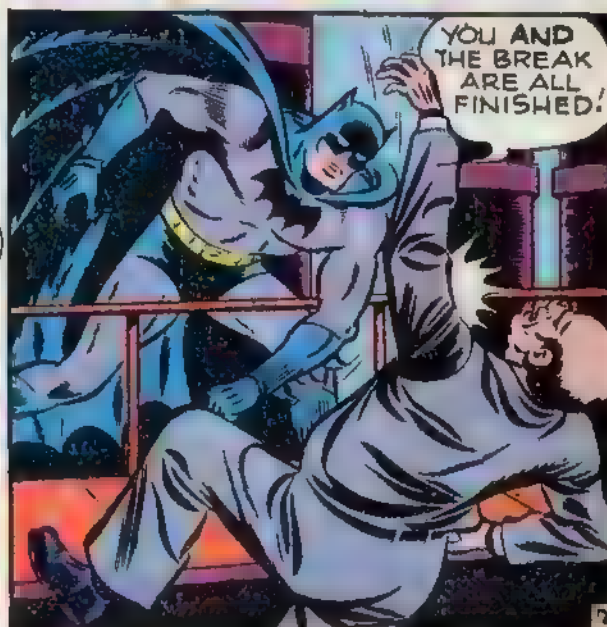
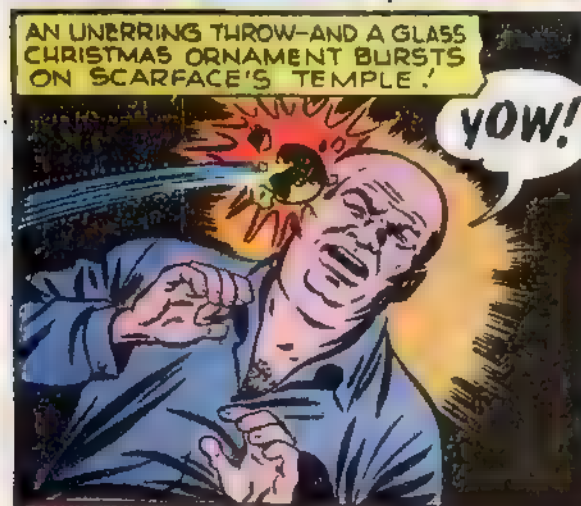
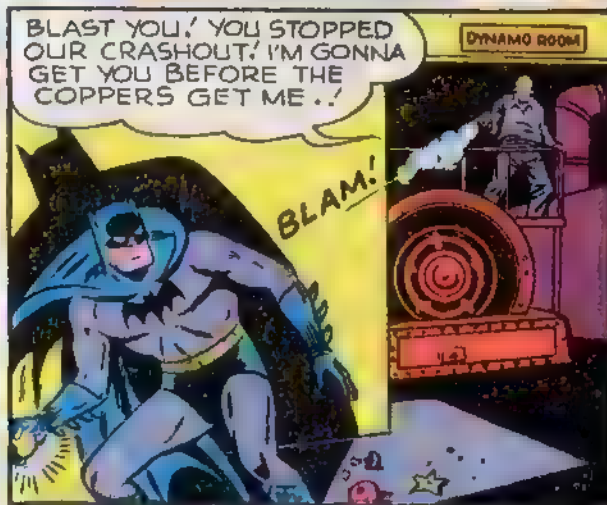
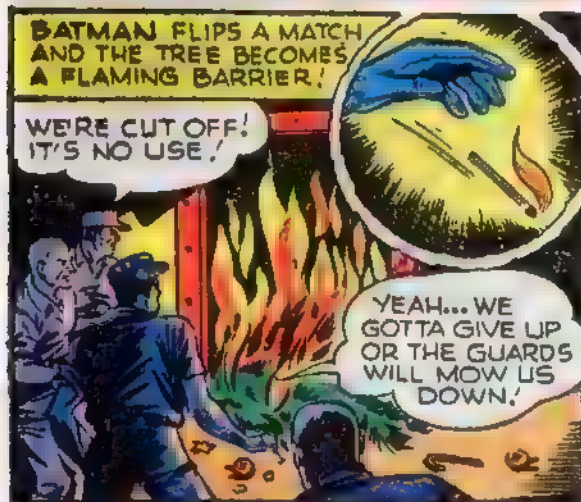
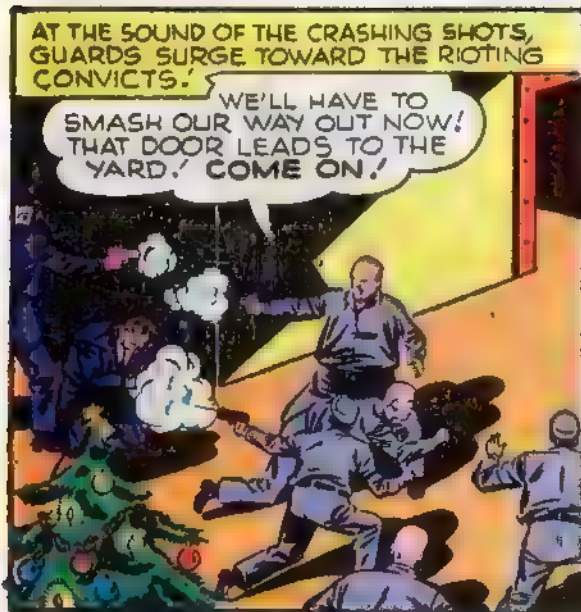




EDITOR'S NOTE: BATMAN'S SLIP-ON SUIT, SO PLIABLE IT CAN BE ROLLED INTO A BALL, IS MADE OF THE SAME TYPE OF THIN FABRIC USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF THE NEW FOLDING RAIN COATS!







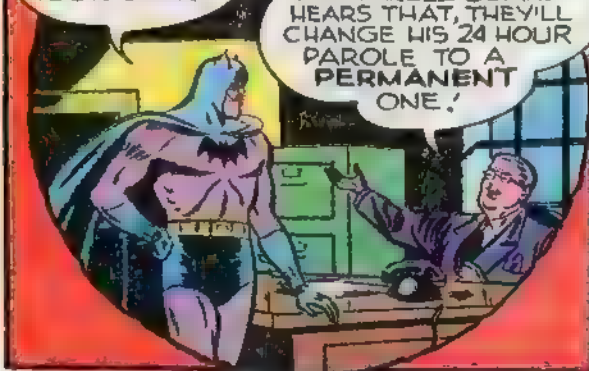




LATER...THE WARDEN HEARS EVERYTHING... THAT IS, NOT QUITE EVERYTHING...

...SO I... UH... DISGUISED MY FACE TO RESEMBLE ROGERS AND TOOK OVER!

AND IF ROGERS HAD NOT BEEN HONEST, THE BREAK WOULD'VE SUCCEEDED! WHEN THE PAROLE BOARD HEARS THAT, THEY'LL CHANGE HIS 24 HOUR PAROLE TO A PERMANENT ONE!



YOU WON'T HAVE TO SAY A WORD! I PHONED THEM BEFORE WE LEFT! GO SEE THEM... THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU!



STILL LATER, THE NOW RECOVERED ROGERS HEARS THE SAME STORY...

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING! BUT NOW LAURA AND TIMMY KNOW THE TRUTH! HOW CAN I FACE THEM?

YOU'LL HAVE TO SOONER OR LATER, SO WHY NOT DO IT NOW?



SO, FOR THE SECOND TIME ON CHRISTMAS EVE, ED ROGERS IS WELCOMED HOME!

EDDIE!  
EDDIE!



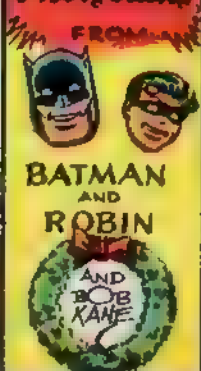
I WAS KISSED ONCE TONIGHT... NOW I WANT THE REAL EDDIE ROGERS TO DO IT!



COME ON... YOU'VE DELIVERED YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT! LET'S GO HOME, SANTA CLAUS!



Merry Christmas



ROBIN SMASHES CRIME SINGLEHANDED in every issue of STAR SPANGLED COMICS!



# CASEY

## THE COP

**CRASH**

I'M SORRY MY SNOWBALL BROKE YOUR WINDOW. I'LL SEND MY POP OVER TO FIX IT - HE'S A GLAZIER!

MY, THAT BOY WAS FAST! SEE, HERE COMES HIS DADDY NOW!

THAT'LL BE TWO DOLLARS, PLEASE!

WHAT?

SURE! WASN'T THAT YOUR LITTLE BOY THAT TOLD ME TO FIX HIS DADDY'S WINDOW?

??

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

# Mickey Marvel by S.B. Black

NO OUTDOORS FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN, NOT WITH THAT COUGH!

**COUGH**

MICKEY'S DREAM  
SMITH BROTHERS  
BLACK  
COUGH DROPS

TOUGH TO MISS THIS KITE-FLYING WEATHER

**YES -**  
WHEN OUR COUGH DROPS RELIEVE A COUGH SO FAST!

Smith Brothers  
Cough Drops Help  
3 Ways

- 1 Eases tickle
- 2 Soothes membranes
- 3 Loosens phlegm

\* For coughs due to colds

NOW MY COUGH IS BETTER, BUT CAN I HAVE SOME MORE?

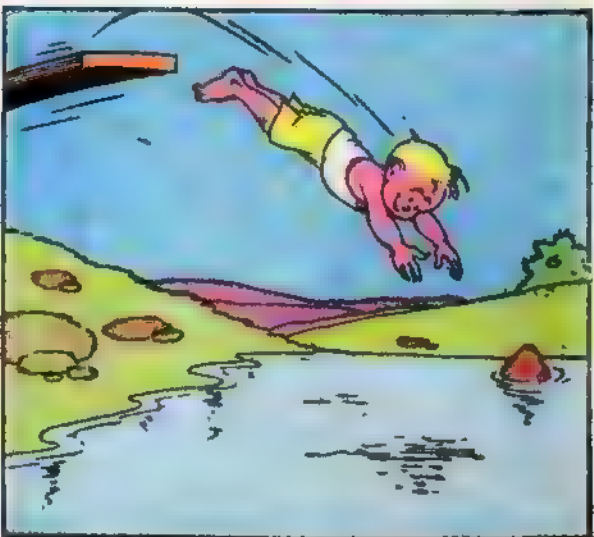
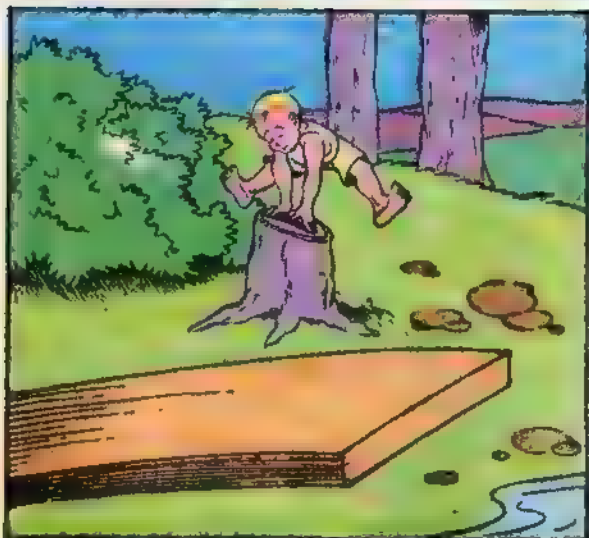
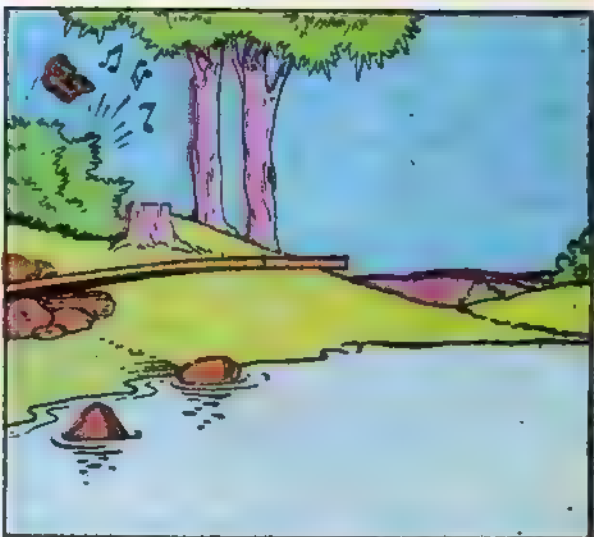
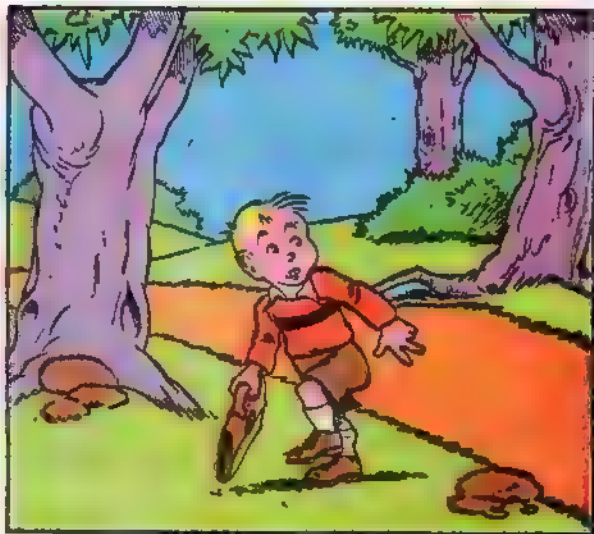
YES, DEAR, YOU MAY!

AND CAN I FLY MY BOX KITE NOW, MOM?

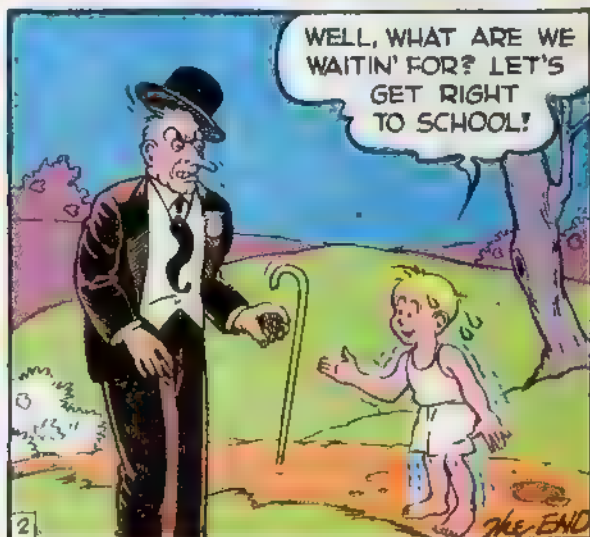
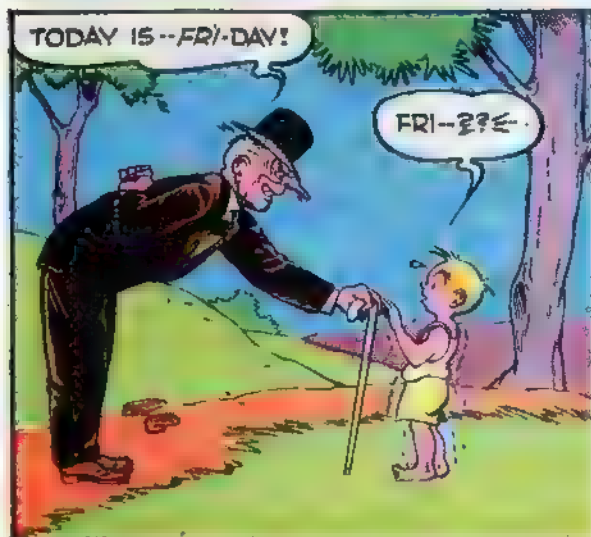
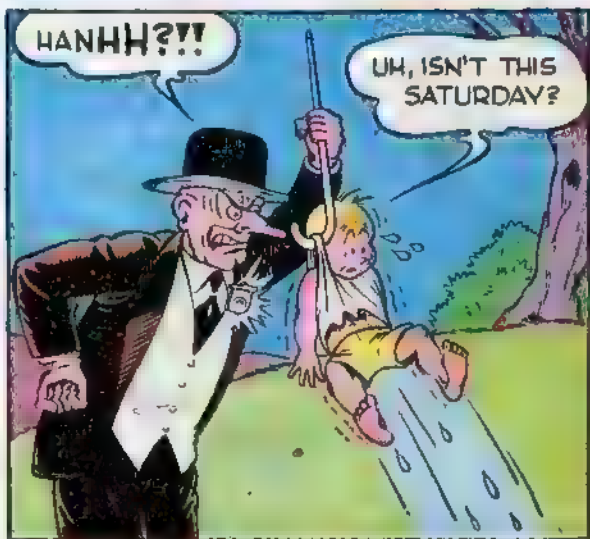
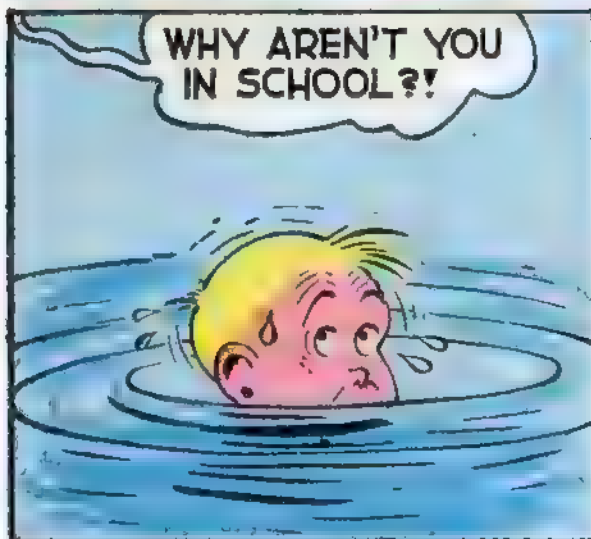
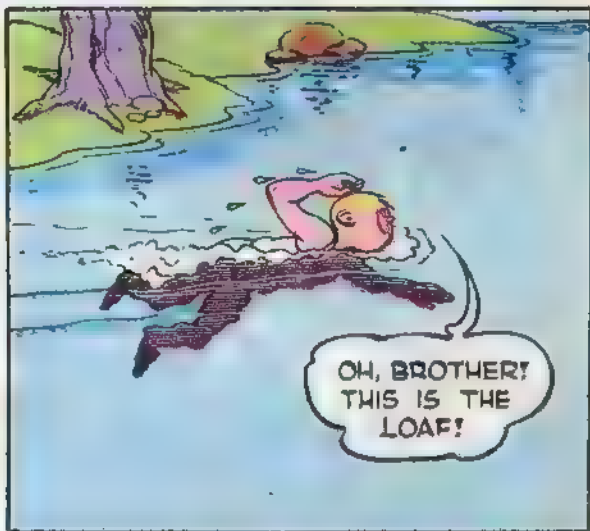
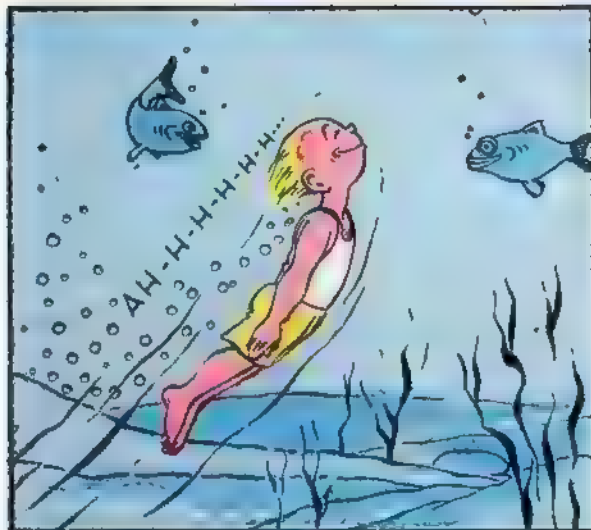
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT - THANKS TO TRADE AND MARK

BUY  
SMITH BROTHERS  
COUGH DROPS  
DELICIOUS!  
EFFECTIVE!  
STILL ONLY 5¢













# SHOE SHINE

BY HENRY LYSING

I'M only fourteen years old now, but if I live to be a hundred and fourteen, I'll never forget yesterday—that is, up to the point where I was conked on the head by "Snappy" Lunt, just when Detective Dan Miller reached for the back of his jacket collar with one hand and drew his gun on him with the other. I was sure the deal was over then, so it didn't make much difference that I passed out and woke up in this hospital bed the next morning.

Grandpa and I run this little candy store and shoe-shine stand right across the street from the Navy piers. Grandpa's pretty old, and weak, and can't do too much, so I spend all my time before and after school helping out. Selling candy, dishing up ice cream, shining shoes, selling papers and magazines. A lot of our trade is from the sailors, of course, though most of it is from this neighborhood, which is sometimes rather tough, because many of the town's crooks beat it here in the hope of hiding out on some of the coastwise boats and beating the heat that way.

Maybe that's why Dan Miller made it a point to be friends to all the good people here; why he is always telling us youngsters how we can help the law, big ways or little. When I started on this yesterday, I figured it was just a little thing I was doing to pay back Dan for his past favors, not something that would get the Commissioner himself to shake my hand.

It was along about noontime. Since it was Saturday, there was no school, and I was just stacking up some of the afternoon newspapers on the stand outside when this car raced around the corner, pulled up sharply, and three guys got out with guns.

For a minute, I didn't know what was going on; and the one gun went off, and a man dropped down on the sidewalk. Another man, who had been walking along with him, started running wildly in the opposite direction.

Scarcely a moment later, another car pulled around the corner—a police car, this one was.

There was more shooting, a chase. Then, about four blocks down, a big truck pulled across the street just in time to accidentally block off the police car, and the chase was over.

The cops came back. The man on the sidewalk was dead. He was the paymaster of a factory a few blocks away. His companion had been one of the clerks who accompanied him for the Saturday afternoon payroll.

In another few minutes, more cops were around, and detectives, including Dan. I guess I was about the only one to really see the hold-up and killing, so I was quite the center of attraction.

And that's what did it, of course.

Actually, I guess I couldn't recognize any one of the thugs, things had gone that fast. But Dan told me that they suspected it was the work of Snappy Lunt, and thought I might have recognized him. He showed me some pictures of the guy, but I couldn't be sure. Snappy got his name from the fact that he was always a snappy dresser. You know, dark shirts with light ties, blazing jackets, pointy, fancy shoes, swank jewelry, and so on.

I wasn't much help, but the whole neighborhood spent the afternoon discussing the case with me. I shined more shoes that afternoon than in any two whole days.

It was later, when the excitement died down, and Dad went upstairs for a rest, when this sailor stepped up for a shine, and began to ask me questions. I didn't mind; I wasn't even curious. Every one was asking me all about it.

After a half dozen questions, though, I sort of felt that he was asking too many questions. And there was something else about this sailor that didn't set right with me, although I couldn't quite place it then.

The guy persisted in feeling me out; in asking more and more detailed stuff about the hold-up. And me, I wasn't even sure whether there were three or four guys in the car.

Maybe I wasn't giving the fellow the right



answers, because he got annoyed. Finally he leaned over, just as I was putting the last bit of polish on his shoes, and said:

"Come on, kid, get that polish out of the perforations in those shoes. They don't shine right if you get 'em filled up with goo, you know."

Sure, the fancy wing-tip shoes he had on weren't getting the best polishing, I know. Still, I didn't like the tone he used. And then something clicked in my mind! I only hoped I could do something about it.

"That's right, sailor; I guess I have to go in and get myself a better rag. Only take me a second."

Before he could say anything, I dropped my brush and polish and ducked into the store. If it would only work! If he only wouldn't get suspicious!

I was glad our phone booth was in the back of the store, behind a magazine rack. I ducked into it, got a nickle from my pocket, and dialed police. I got Dan right away, told him my suspicions, and he was on his way! He told me to delay the guy; to do anything to hold him around.

When I got back to my sailor, he was more annoyed than ever. Maybe he suspected something. Anyway, when I came back without a clean rag, he was sure something smelled.

"Where's the rag you went after, kid?" he snarled at me. "Getting old and absent-minded, or did ya go back for somethin' else?"

I started fumbling beneath the shoe stand. "Nope," I said. "Just didn't have any there, but I think I got one here that will do."

My voice probably sounded a bit strained. He was more suspicious than ever.

"It sure took you a while to learn that, you brat," he grumbled as he started getting off the seat. "Let's just see what is back there."

He ran to the back of the store and saw the phone booth. By this time, an elderly lady had come into the store, trying to find a magazine. Her face first pictured annoyance, and then concern. I don't know what mine pictured, but I knew I had to think fast as the sailor came rushing at me.

"That wasn't a rag you went after, you snipe. You went to that phone! Who'd ya call?"

I couldn't think of any way to delay him except by talking. "I—I just called my father to make sure he'd come-back to the store in time, that's all," I managed to spill out.

"Sort of in a sudden hurry for your father, weren't you? You sure it wasn't the cops you were calling?"

With that, he swung at me and batted me on the side of the head. I fell against one of the show cases, but came right back at him.

There was no sense talking, so I just tried to block his way, hoping that would delay him.

I must have looked rather foolish, but that didn't enter my mind. I was hoping somebody would come around to give me some help; then again, I was hoping no one would, because I didn't know whether the guy still had a gun on him or not. It's hard to hide a gun in a sailor uniform, but there's no telling.

Well, just then the sailor picked me up bodily and tossed me out. I landed on my arm, and I thought it broke, the jar I felt. But I saw the sailor stepping out of the store, and starting to go around the corner.

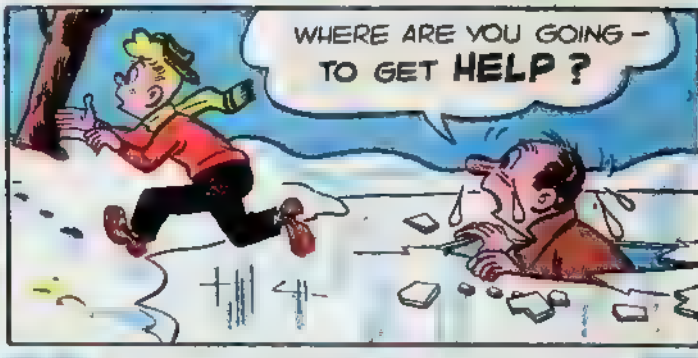
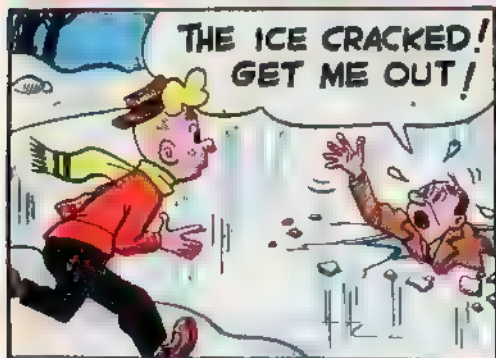
The only thing that I could think of then was that I had to stop that sailor—that Snappy Lunt—for I was absolutely sure, now, that I had spotted my man correctly.

I made a mad dash and dived at Snappy's feet—at those fancy shoes I hadn't quite finished polishing. Just as I was grabbing for his legs, Snappy pulled something out of his pocket, and aimed a blow at my head. I saw the blow coming, just as I saw a police car pull up, and saw Dan dash out and make a grab for my assailant.

Then all went black, and the next thing I knew, here was Detective Dan Miller, and the Commissioner, and my father, and some photographers and reporters, telling me what a smart kid I was to trap a killer the way I did.

Why, they're going to get a brand new, shiny shoe shine stand for the store, with my name on it on a brass plate. All because, as Dan Miller has it, I was smart enough to know that a sailor in uniform would be wearing regulation Navy shoes, and not the fancy, perforated wing-tip ones that fellows like Snappy Lunt wear!





**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1932, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF BATMAN, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1947**

State of New York )  
County of New York ) ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the BATMAN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1932 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Kishmorth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Harry Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern its name and address as well as those of each individual owner must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., Harry Donenfeld, Gusle Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, Rose Liebowitz, F. H. Sampliner, Sophie U. Sampliner, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham

I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Boris Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain also each's embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September 1947,  
ALFRED E. TAPPE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1949)



# DAFFY & DOODLE

WIT-  
WIN

WHAT IN THE  
WORLD IS DAFFY  
UP TO NOW?

THERE HE IS  
LYING AT THE CURB!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAFFY,  
DID YOU GET HIT BY A CAR?

NO, DOODLE. I'M  
SUPPOSED TO MEET  
A FRIEND HERE...

... AND I'M SAVING  
THIS PARKING SPACE  
FOR HIM!

## TIPS ON EXPERT ROLLER SKATING

### HOW TO STOP

**RIGHT**  
STOP SKATING AND  
MAKE A SMOOTH,  
SHARP TURN.

**WRONG**  
DON'T TOE IN. IT'S  
THE SIGN OF A  
BEGINNER.

**WRONG**  
DON'T DRAG SKATES.  
IT'S HARD ON THEM.

## ADVERTISEMENT

### RIGHT



- ADJUST SKATES SO THAT FRONT WHEELS ARE DIRECTLY UNDER THE BALLS OF YOUR FEET.
- LEAN WELL FORWARD AND SWING YOUR ARMS FOR SPEED AND BALANCE.
- WHEN DIRT GUMS WHEELS, RINSE OUT WELL WITH KEROSENE.

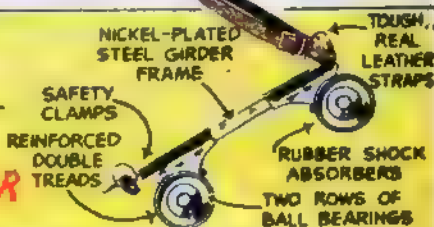
### WRONG



- DON'T STIFFEN YOUR ARMS, LEGS OR BACK.
- DON'T WALK UP AND DOWN STAIRS ON SKATES. IT'S DANGEROUS.
- DON'T RUN ON YOUR SKATES. IT'S HARD ON THEM AND YOU.
- DON'T OIL YOUR SKATES. IT CARRIES DIRT INTO BEARINGS AND SLOWS ACTION, CAUSES WEAR!

WINCHESTER SUPER-SPEED ROLLER SKATES ARE BULLET-FAST. EACH SMOOTH-RUNNING WHEEL HAS TWO ROWS OF PRECISION-MADE BALL BEARINGS. BOY... ARE THEY SUPER-STRONG!

**WINCHESTER**



### SUPER SPEED ROLLER SKATES.

AND, SAY, KIDS... FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET, WRITE TO: DEPT. NC. 3, WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., DIVISION OF OLIN INDUSTRIES, INC., NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.



**FREE**





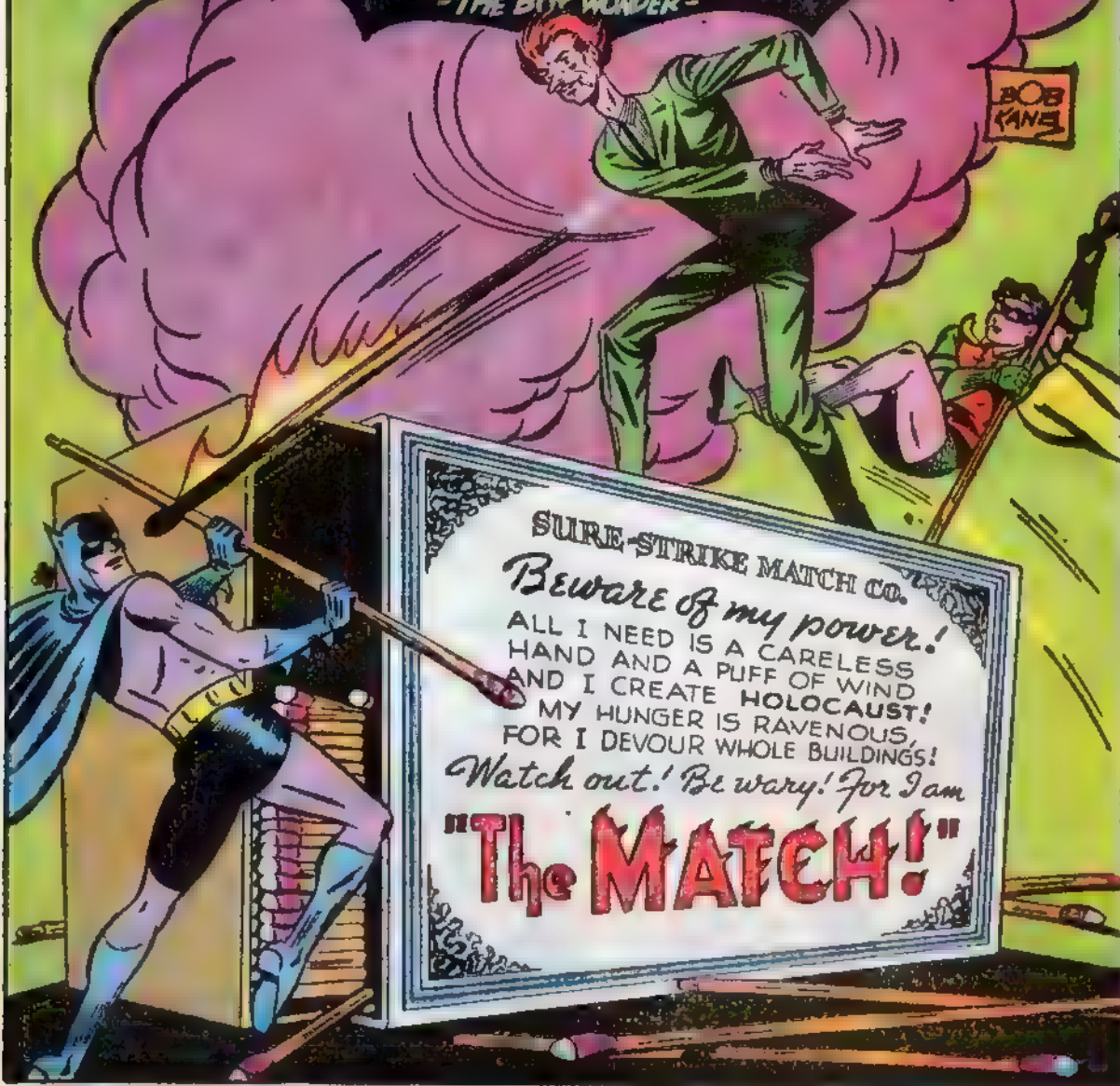
BATMAN



# BATMAN

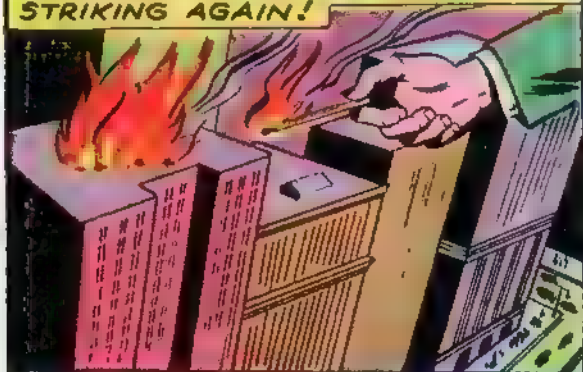
WITH  
**ROBIN**

-THE BOY WONDER-





SOMEWHERE IN GOTHAM CITY, A TINY STICK OF WOOD RASPS AGAINST SANDPAPER AND FLARES INTO FLAME! **THE MATCH IS STRIKING AGAIN!**



LATER... AT THE FIRE HOUSE, THE DYNAMIC DUO ARRIVES JUST AS A THREE-ALARM FIRE BREAKS!

CHIEF BRADY, IT'S SWELL OF YOU TO LET US TAG ALONG! I HOPE WE DON'T GET IN YOUR WAY!

NONSENSE! YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ROOKIES AROUND! TOM DAVIS HERE IS GOING ON HIS FIRST CALL TODAY!



ARRIVING AT THE SCENE OF THE FIRE, A FLAMING LOFT BUILDING, THE CHIEF ORDERS HIS MEN INTO ACTION!

I WANT TWO MEN ON THE ROOF WITH AXES! MAKE A FIRE OUTLET! GET A CHEMICAL LINE WORKING IN THE BASEMENT!



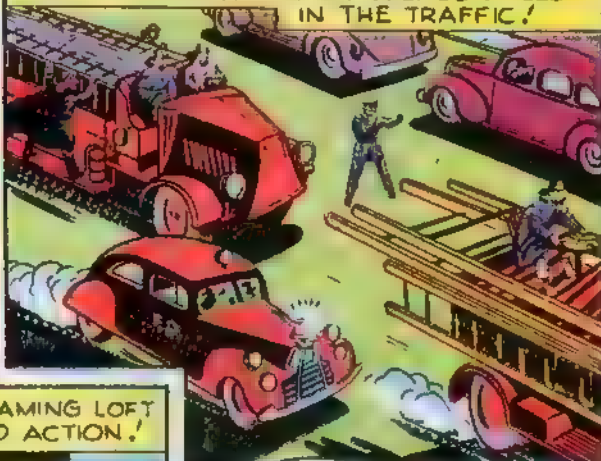
BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**, THE BOY WONDER, PONDER OVER THE SERIES OF FIRES...

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO STOP THIS ARSON RACKETEER WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE MATCH?

DICK, THE ONE WAY TO NAB HIM IS TO JOIN FORCES WITH HIS ENEMY-- THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!



SOON, SIRENS SCREAMING, THE FIRE PATROL TEARS THROUGH HASTILY OPENED HOLES IN THE TRAFFIC!



TOM, RUN A HOSE INSIDE! LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE AS GOOD A FIREMAN AS YOUR FATHER WAS!

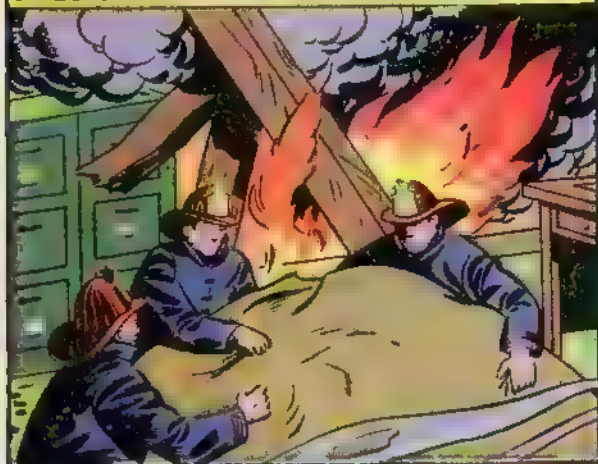
Y-YES, SIR!



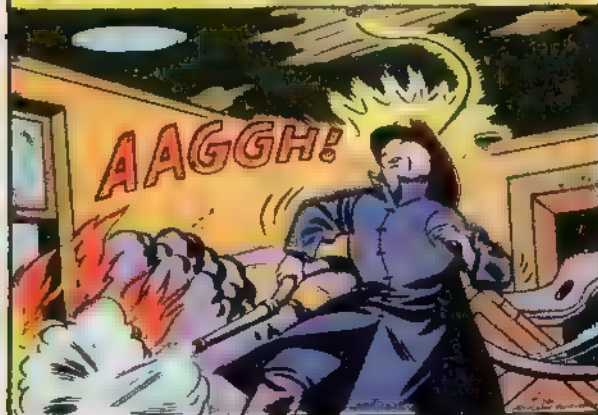




AND NOW ANOTHER PART OF THE FIRE-FIGHTING TEAM ENTERS--THE 'SALVAGE SQUAD'--THAT SHIELDS THE FURNITURE WITH ASBESTOS...



INSIDE THE BLAZING BUILDING, ROOKIE DAVIS UNWITTINGLY BRUSHES AGAINST A LOW-VOLTAGE WIRE EXPOSED BY THE FIRE.



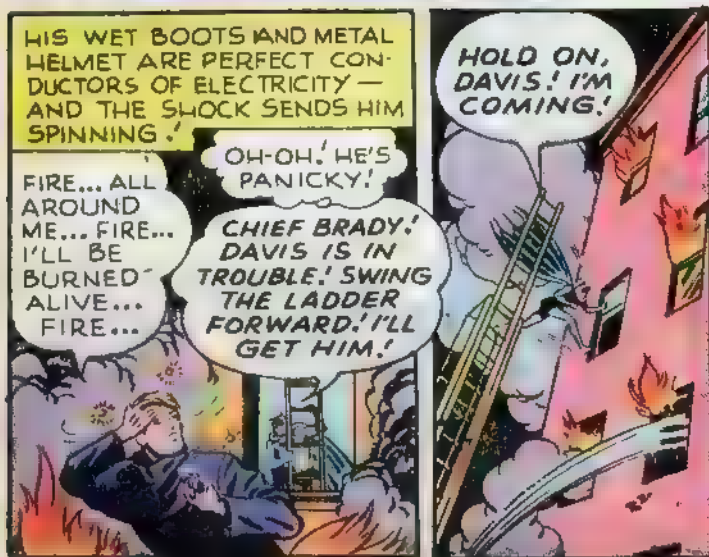
HIS WET BOOTS AND METAL HELMET ARE PERFECT CONDUCTORS OF ELECTRICITY--AND THE SHOCK SENDS HIM SPINNING!

FIRE... ALL AROUND ME... FIRE... I'LL BE BURNED ALIVE... FIRE...

OH-OH! HE'S PANICKY!

CHIEF BRADY! DAVIS IS IN TROUBLE! SWING THE LADDER FORWARD! I'LL GET HIM!

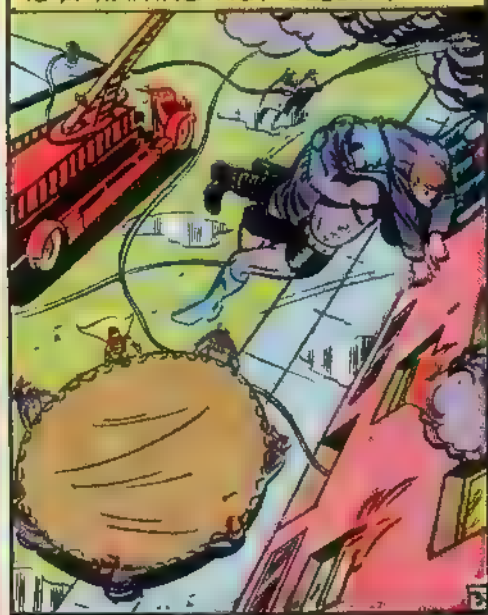
HOLD ON, DAVIS! I'M COMING!



AND FROM HIGH ON THE AERIAL TRUCK, NOZZLEMEN **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** PLAY WATER ON THE LEAPING FLAMES.



IN A MOMENT, **BATMAN** REACHES THE ROOKIE LAD AND THEN JUMPS TO A WAITING NET BELOW!

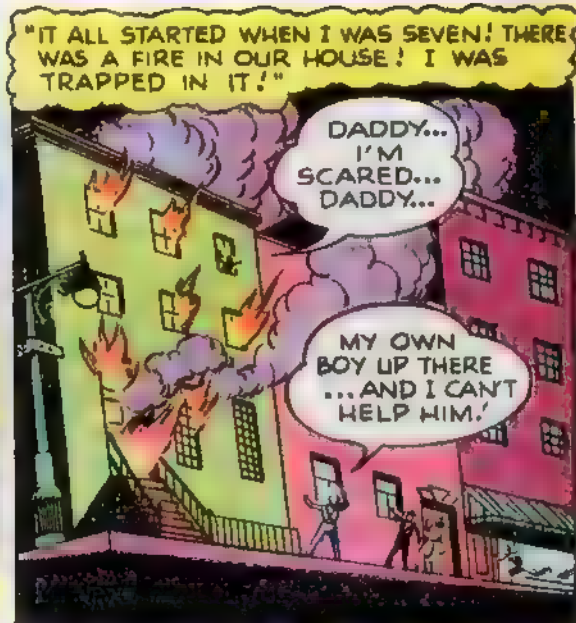






EASY, BOY... IT'S NATURAL TO BE SCARED OF FIRE ON YOUR FIRST JOB.

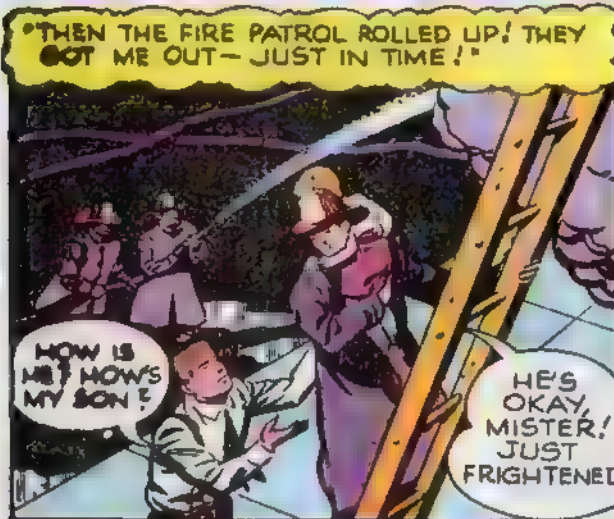
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE BEEN AFRAID OF FIRE ALL MY LIFE.



"IT ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS SEVEN! THERE WAS A FIRE IN OUR HOUSE! I WAS TRAPPED IN IT!"

DADDY... I'M SCARED... DADDY...

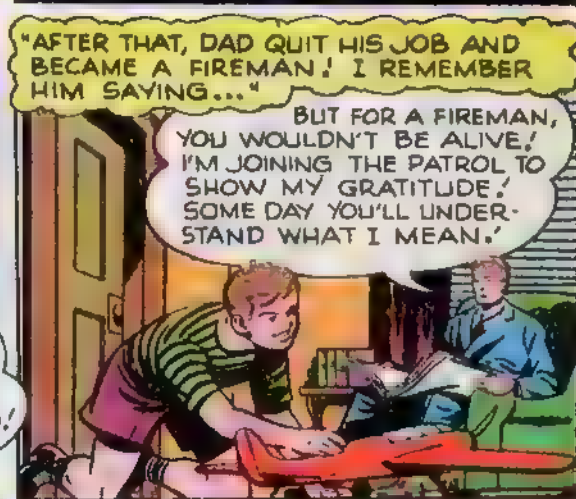
MY OWN BOY UP THERE... AND I CAN'T HELP HIM.



"THEN THE FIRE PATROL ROLLED UP! THEY GOT ME OUT— JUST IN TIME!"

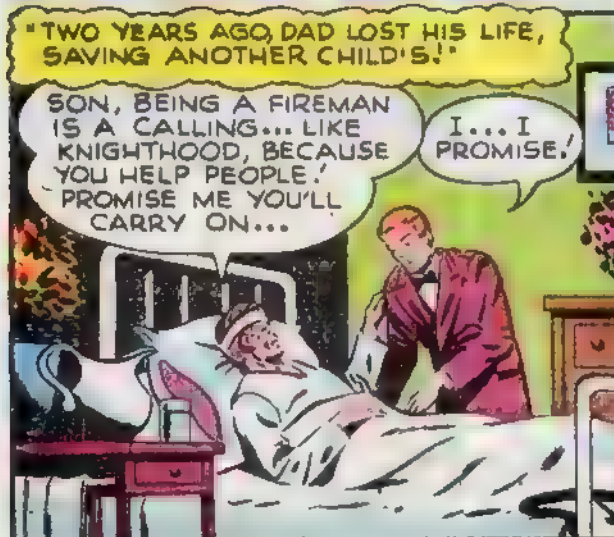
HOW IS HE? HOW'S MY SON?

HE'S OKAY, MISTER! JUST FRIGHTENED!



"AFTER THAT, DAD QUIT HIS JOB AND BECAME A FIREMAN! I REMEMBER HIM SAYING..."

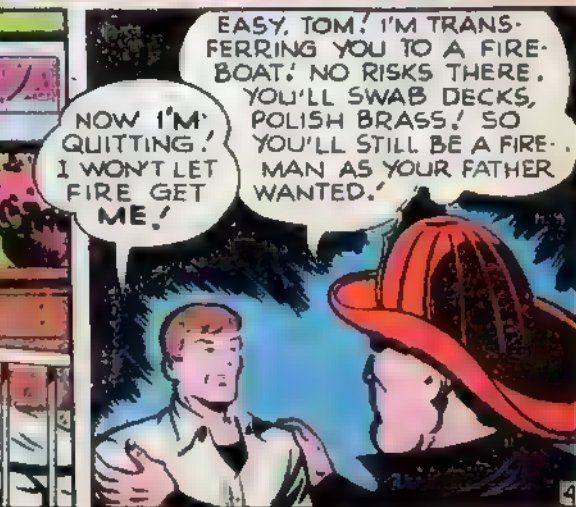
BUT FOR A FIREMAN, YOU WOULDN'T BE ALIVE! I'M JOINING THE PATROL TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE! SOME DAY YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT I MEAN.



"TWO YEARS AGO, DAD LOST HIS LIFE, SAVING ANOTHER CHILD'S."

SON, BEING A FIREMAN IS A CALLING... LIKE KNIGHTHOOD, BECAUSE YOU HELP PEOPLE. PROMISE ME YOU'LL CARRY ON...

I... I PROMISE!



NOW I'M QUITTING! I WON'T LET FIRE GET ME!

EASY, TOM! I'M TRANSFERRING YOU TO A FIRE-BOAT! NO RISKS THERE. YOU'LL SWAB DECKS, POLISH BRASS! SO YOU'LL STILL BE A FIRE-MAN AS YOUR FATHER WANTED.



LATER...WHEN THE FIRE IS OUT, THE ARSON SQUAD INVESTIGATES TO DISCOVER WHETHER IT WAS MAN-MADE OR ACCIDENTAL...



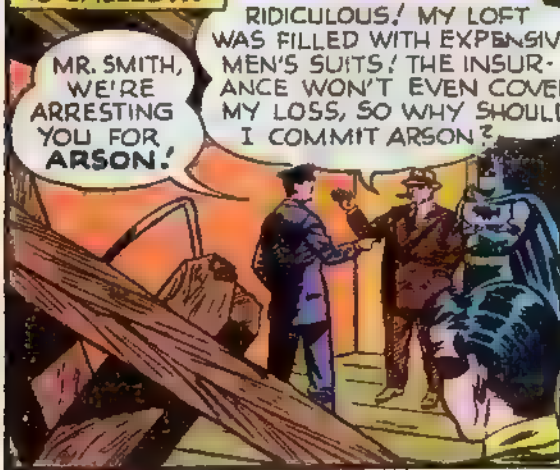
IF ANYONE  
POURED SOME  
IGNITIBLE FLUID ON  
THE FLOOR, WE'LL  
SOON KNOW IT!  
INCENDIARY MATER-  
IAL LEAVES ITS  
"FINGERPRINTS"  
ON BURNED WOOD!  
I'LL TEST THIS  
CHARRED  
BIT!

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, THE TELLTALE  
CRACKS ON THE BURNED WOOD INDI-  
CATE THAT ABNORMAL HEAT WAS  
INVOLVED!



"ALLIGATORING"  
- THE CHARACTERISTIC  
MARKS LEFT BY  
KEROSENE!

THE MAN WHO HAD RENTED THE LOFT  
IS CALLED...



MR. SMITH,  
WE'RE  
ARRESTING  
YOU FOR  
ARSON!

RIDICULOUS! MY LOFT  
WAS FILLED WITH EXPENSIVE  
MEN'S SUITS! THE INSUR-  
ANCE WON'T EVEN COVER  
MY LOSS, SO WHY SHOULD  
I COMMIT ARSON?

BECAUSE YOU  
REMOVED THE SUITS,  
AND SUBSTITUTED  
UNCUT, CHEAP  
CLOTH ON THE  
RACKS!

YOU'VE GOT NO  
EVIDENCE TO  
PROVE THAT!



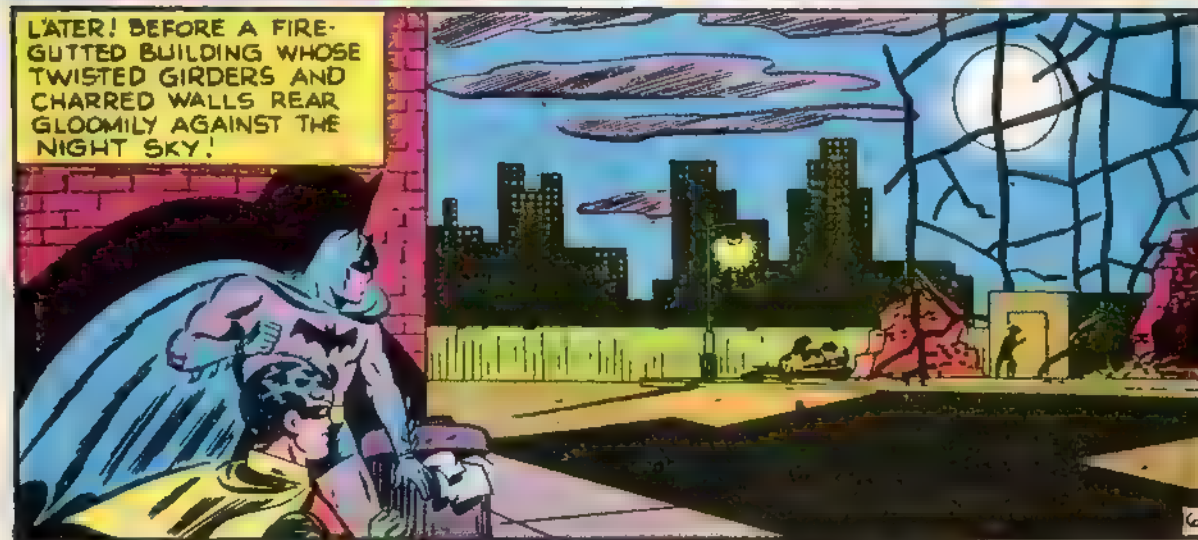
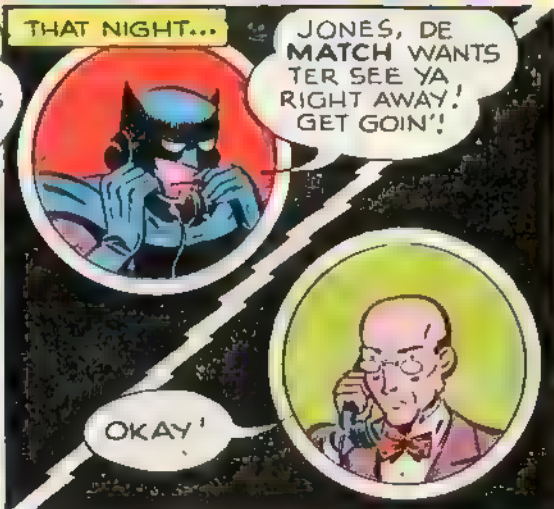
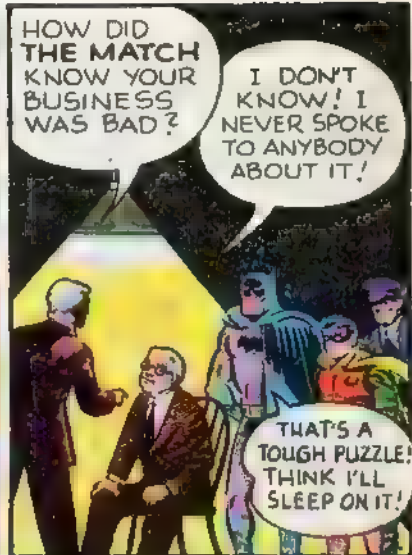
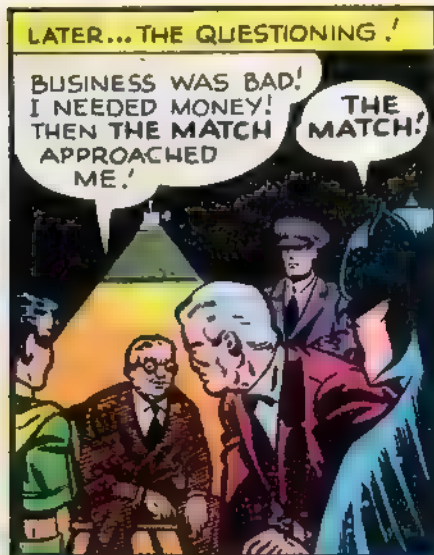
IT'S BECAUSE I  
DID NOT FIND EVIDENCE  
THAT I CAN PROVE IT!  
YOU SEE, I DID NOT  
FIND ANY CHARRED  
BUTTONS! NO  
BUTTONS - NO  
SUITS!



YOU'LL  
NEVER ARREST  
ME!

I  
WOULDN'T  
BET ON  
THAT!







A MOMENT LATER, TWO CRIMEBUSTERS  
MOVE FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY...

**A FIRE-GUTTED  
STORAGE-BUILDING—  
THE MATCH'S HIDEOUT!  
THAT BRICK-LINED  
CHAMBER USED TO  
BE A FUR VAULT!  
IT'S FIREPROOF!**

AND INSIDE THAT 'IMPENETRABLE VAULT—  
THE MATCH!

I NEVER CALLED YOU! WAIT...THIS MUST BE A TRICK! SOMEBODY TRAILED YOU HERE TO THE HIDE-OUT! COME ON, BOYS!

I GOT  
YOUR  
CALL,  
MATCH!

A DOOR SLAMS OPEN AND VIOLENT ACTION FLARES LIKE A HOT FLAME.

**A POKE  
FOR A  
PYRO!**

DROP  
THAT GUN,  
HOT-SHOT.

HMM-MM!

TOO BAD YOU  
DON'T SMOKE-  
BUT HERE'S A  
LIGHT ANYWAY!

**THE MATCH-  
STRIKING!**





LATER... UPON AWAKENING...

HOW'D YOU GET WISE TO JONES?

IT WAS OBVIOUS THE ONE OUTSIDER WITH ACCESS TO A FIRM'S RECORDS WOULD BE A PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT! JONES WAS ACCOUNTANT FOR ALL YOUR EX-CLIENTS, SO I GUESSED HE WAS YOUR TIP-OFF MAN!

RIGHT! HE'D KNOW WHEN A GUY'S BUSINESS WAS BAD AND WAS RIPE FOR AN ARSON JOB! THAT REMINDS ME— I GOT A JOB TO DO— ON A WAREHOUSE— AND YOU!

SOON AFTER... SOMEWHERE ON THE WATERFRONT...

THIS IS IT— THE WAREHOUSE BETWEEN THEM TENEMENT FLATS!

BOUND AND GAGGED, THE DYNAMIC DUO IS CARRIED INSIDE...

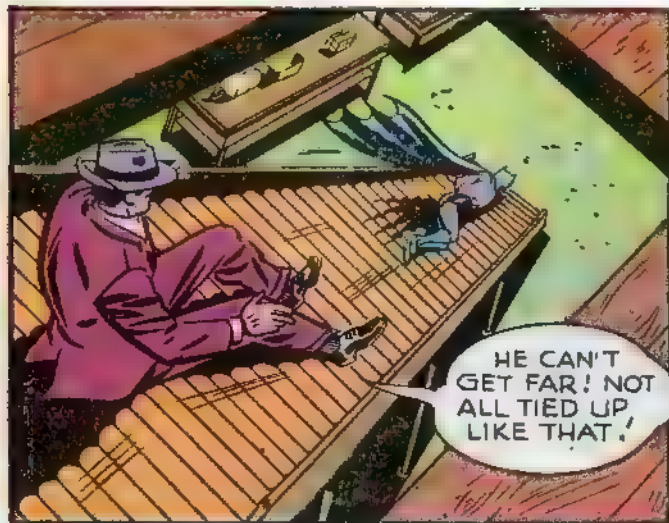
THAT'S IT! SLOSH THE GASOLINE AROUND! IN A LITTLE WHILE, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE GOING OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!

SEE, BATMAN! A BURNING CIGARETTE PUSHED BENEATH A BOOK OF MATCHES TO WHICH A FUSE IS CONNECTED! A SIMPLE GADGET— BUT DEADLY!

ABRUPTLY, BATMAN ERUPTS INTO MOTION!

WHAT? STOP HIM! HE'S HEADING FOR THE PACKAGE RAMP LEADING TO THE LOWER FLOOR!



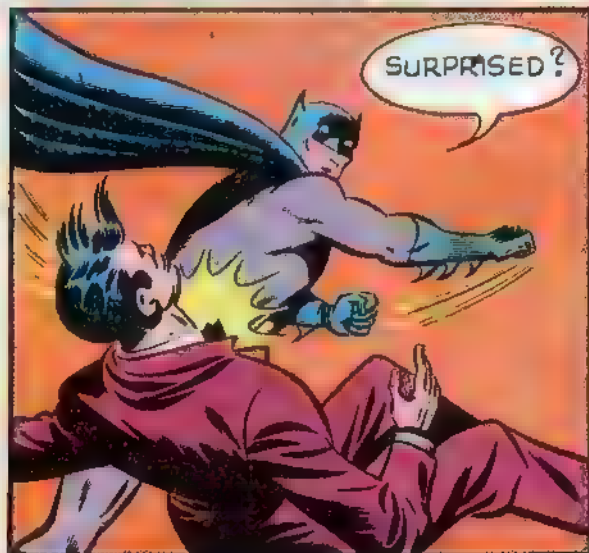


HE CAN'T GET FAR! NOT ALL TIED UP LIKE THAT!

BUT BATMAN HOPS SWIFTLY TOWARD A PACKAGING TABLE AND...



MOST WRAPPING SECTIONS HAVE CONVENIENT TWINE-CUTTERS AT HAND! I WAS COUNTING ON THAT!



SURPRISED?

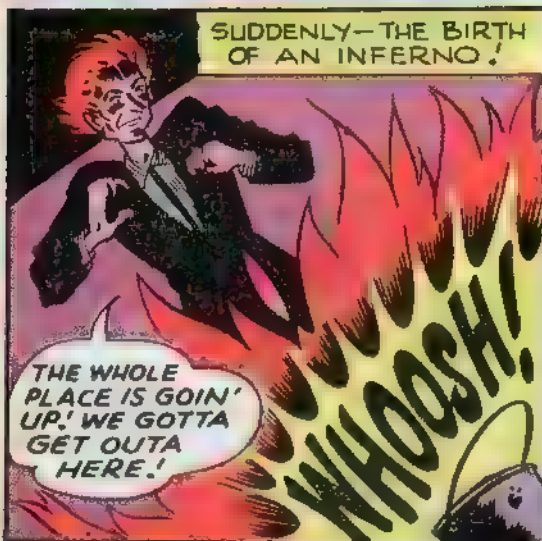


HE'S COMIN' AT US!

YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY SAP—LOOK OUT! THE GASOLINE!

BLAM! BLAM!

ZIP!



SUDDENLY—THE BIRTH OF AN INFERNO!

THE WHOLE PLACE IS GOIN' UP! WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

WHOOSH!

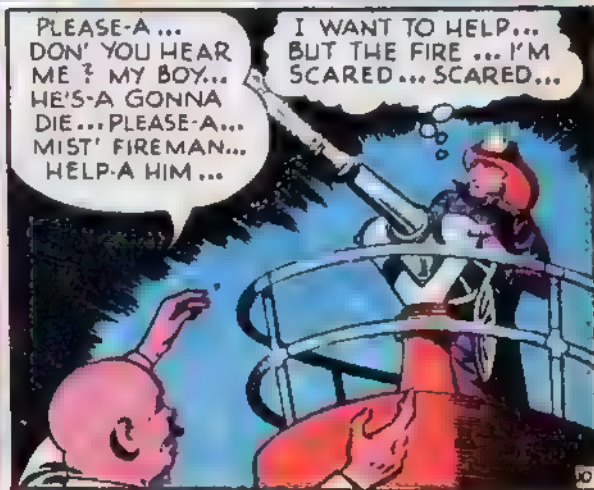
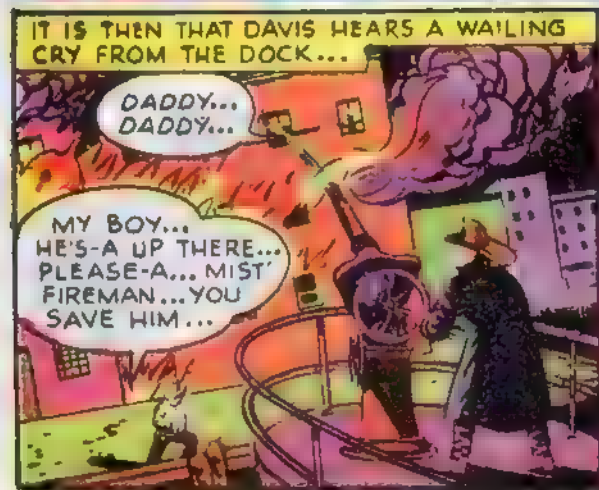
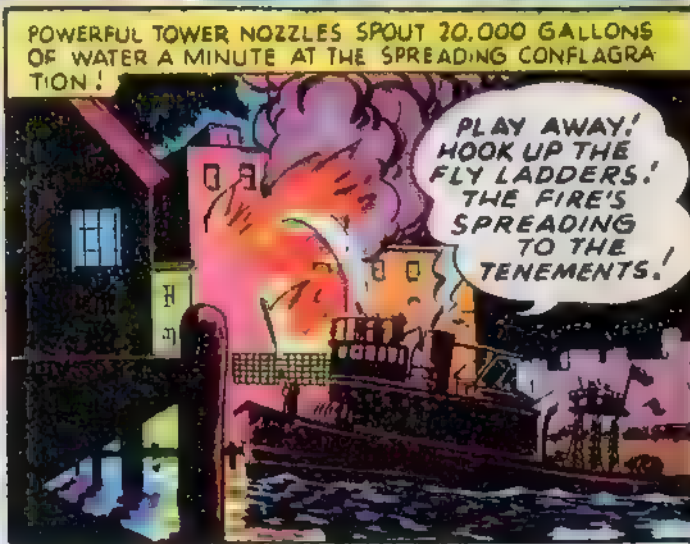


AN ALERT CITIZEN PULLS THE FIRE ALARM—AND IN A FIREHOUSE ON A DOCK THE SIGNAL IS CHECKED ON A CHART!

RIVERFRONT! PIER 15 SECTOR! A FIREBOAT CALL!

CLANG! CLANG!









THEN TOM DAVIS REMEMBERS...THINKS BACK TO ANOTHER DAY... WHEN ANOTHER FATHER AND SON NEEDED HELP...

DADDY...  
I'M SCARED...  
DADDY...

MY OWN BOY...  
UP THERE... AND  
I CAN'T HELP  
HIM!

FIRE  
BOAT

HOOING A SCALING LADDER INTO PLACE, TOM DAVIS BEGINS HIS GRIM FIGHT UPWARD—THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE.

NOW I KNOW  
WHAT DAD MEANT!  
HOLD ON, KID... I'M  
COMING! BUT I'M  
AFRAID! I'M  
SCARED STIFF!

MEANWHILE ... INSIDE THAT FIERY FURNACE...

MY BOYS GOT OUT!  
NOW IT'S MY TURN—  
BUT I'LL MAKE SURE  
YOUR GOOSE IS  
COOKED!

BATMAN—  
BEHIND YOU!

A NEW VERSION  
OF THE  
HOT-FOOT  
MATCH!

YOW!  
I'M BURNIN'!

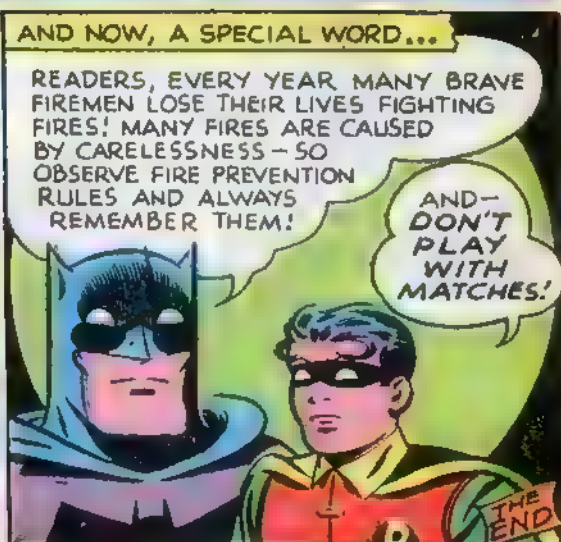
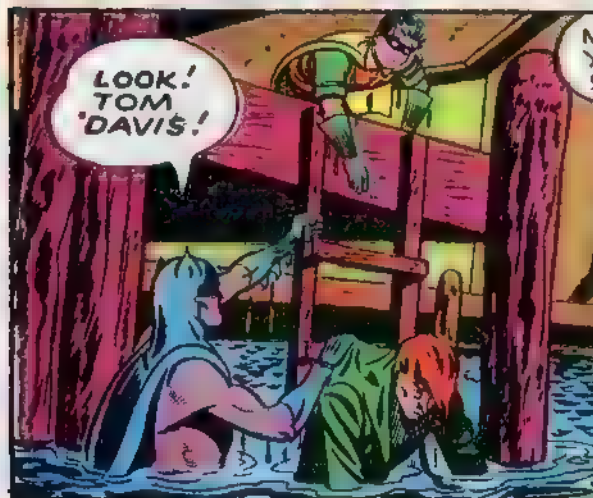
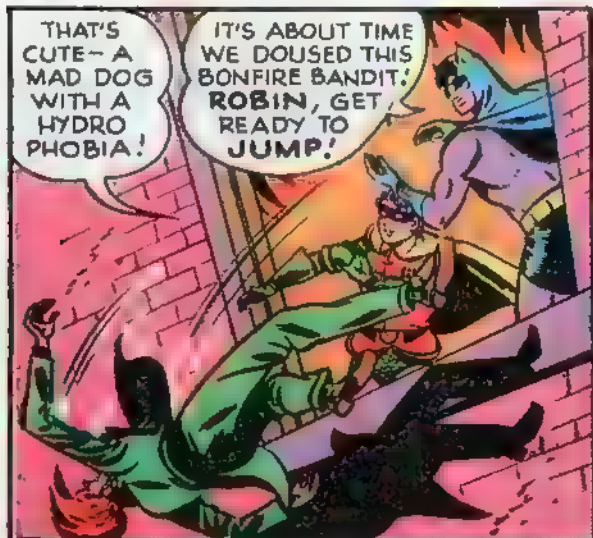
WHY BE  
SURPRISED?  
ANYBODY WHO  
PLAYS WITH  
MATCHES  
SHOULD  
EXPECT TO  
BE BURNED!

THE  
FIRE'S GOT  
US BOXED  
IN!

THE RIVER'S DOWN  
BELOW. YOU FIRST,  
MATCH!

NO...  
NOT ME...  
I'M SCARED  
O' WATER...  
I WON'T GO  
NEAR WATER...  
I'M NOT  
JUMPIN'!



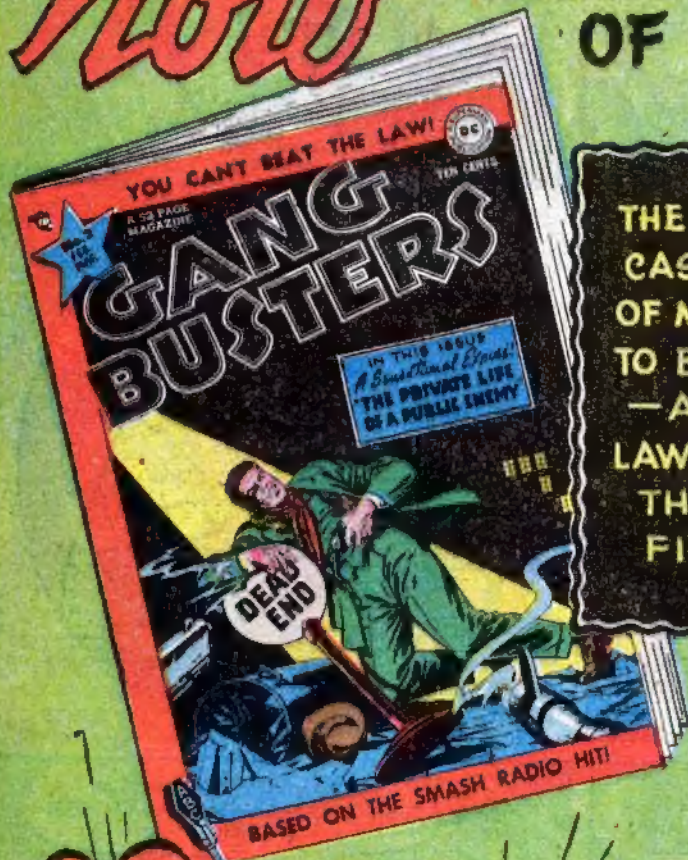






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ALL-TIME  
THRILL FAVORITE**

**Now** IN A COMICS MAGAZINE  
OF ITS OWN!



THE PUNCH-PACKED  
CASE-HISTORIES  
OF MEN WHO TRIED  
TO BEAT THE LAW  
—AND OF THE  
LAWMEN WHO BEAT  
THEM TO THE  
FINAL DRAW!



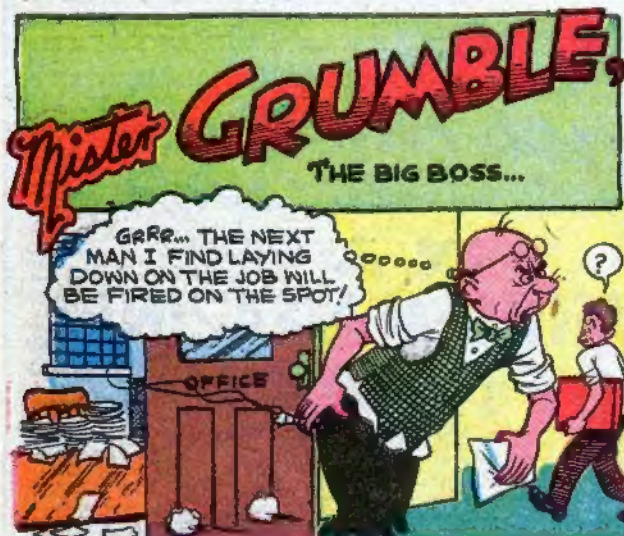
**DRAMA!**

**EXCITEMENT!**

**ACTION!**

WATCH FOR THIS 2nd SMASH ISSUE  
AT *Your* NEWSSTAND!







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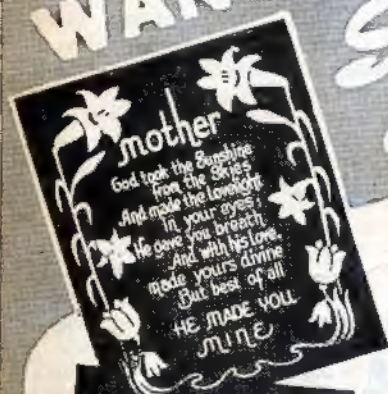
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FOR COMPLETE  
DETAILS  
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**We...** *The Boys of America*

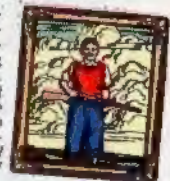
believe in these OUR RIGHTS: the right to LIBERTY, hard-won by our forefathers ♡ the right to HAPPINESS that comes with the growth of a healthy body and mind ♡ the right to TRAINING, thoughtfully planned by parents, school and church ♡ the right to OPPORTUNITY, to live, learn, play and grow up in the time-honored traditions of a free people ♡ and the right to learn to SHOOT SAFELY. We recognize and accept the responsibility imposed by these Rights. But ♡ until we are old enough to vote ♡ we expect YOU ♡ our fathers, mothers and other citizens who elect America's city, county, state and federal officers ♡ to be eternally vigilant that our RIGHTS be not abridged!

"The rights of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed!"

(Quotation from the Second Amendment to the United States Constitution)

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